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Sir Nigel
by
Sir A. Conan
Doyle



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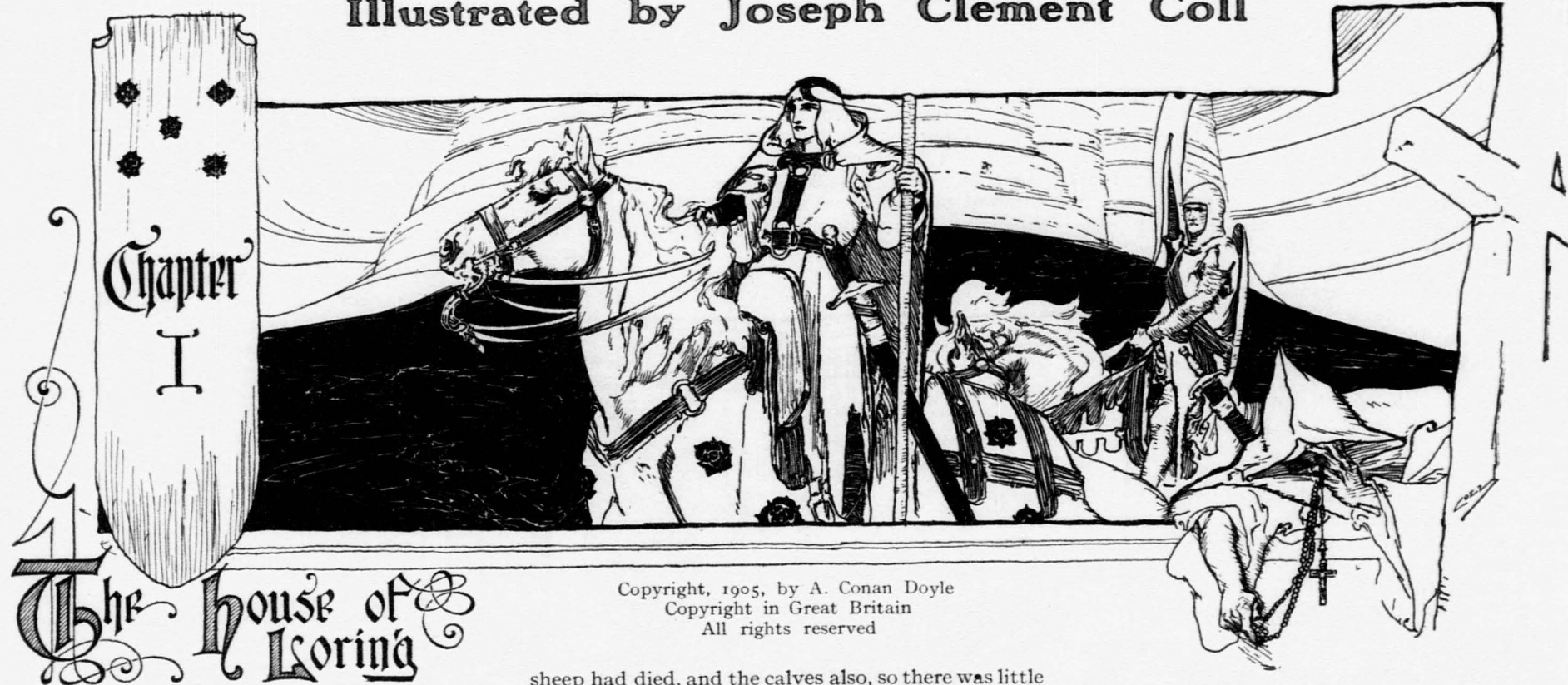
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SIR NIGEL:

A Companion to The White Company

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Illustrated by Joseph Clement Coll



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IN the month of July of the year 1348, between the feasts of St. Benedict and of St. Swithin, a strange thing came upon England, for out of the east there drifted a monstrous cloud, purple and piled, heavy with evil, climbing slowly up the hushed heaven. In the shadow of that strange cloud the leaves drooped in the trees, the birds ceased their calling, and the cattle and the sheep gathered cowering under the hedges. A gloom fell upon all the land, and men stood with their eyes upon the strange cloud and a heaviness upon their hearts. They crept into the churches where the trembling people were blessed and shriven by the trembling priests. Outside no bird flew, and there came no rustling from the woods, nor any of the homely sounds of Nature. All was still, and nothing moved, save only the great cloud which rolled up and onward, with fold on fold from the black horizon. To the west was the light summer sky, to the east this brooding cloud-bank, creeping ever slowly across, until the last thin blue gleam faded away and the whole vast sweep of the heavens was one great leaden arch.

Then the rain began to fall. All day it rained, and all the night and all the week and all the month, until folk had forgotten the blue heavens and the gleam of the sunshine. It was not heavy, but it was steady and cold and unceasing, so that the people were weary of its hissing and its splashing, with the slow drip from the eaves. Always the same thick evil cloud flowed from east to west with the rain beneath it. None could see for more than a bow-shot from their dwellings for the drifting veil of the rain-storms. Every morning the folk looked upward for a break, but their eyes rested always upon the same endless cloud, until at last they ceased to look up, and their hearts despaired of ever seeing the change. It was raining at Lammas-tide and raining at the Feast of the Assumption and still raining at Michaelmas. The crops and the hay, sodden and black, had rotted in the fields, for they were not worth the garnering. The

sheep had died, and the calves also, so there was little to kill when Martinmas came and it was time to salt the meat for the winter. They feared a famine, but it was worse than famine which was in store for them.

For the rain had ceased at last, and a sickly autumn sun shone upon a land which was soaked and sodden with water. Wet and rotten leaves reeked and festered under the foul haze which rose from the woods. The fields were spotted with monstrous fungi of a size and color never matched before—scarlet and mauve and liver and black. It was as though the sick earth had burst into foul pustules; mildew and lichen mottled the walls, and with that filthy crop Death sprang also from the water-soaked earth. Men died, and women and children, the baron of the castle, the franklin on the farm, the monk in the abbey and the villein in his wattle-and-daub cottage. All breathed the same polluted reek and all died the same death of corruption. Of those who were stricken none recovered, and the illness was ever the same—gross boils, raving, and the black blotches which gave its name to the disease. All through the winter the dead rotted by the wayside for want of some one to bury them. In many a village no single man was left alive. Then at last the spring came with sunshine and health and lightness and laughter—the greenest, sweetest, tenderest spring that England had ever known—but only half of England could know it. The other half had passed away with the great purple cloud.

Yet it was there in that stream of death, in that reek of corruption, that the brighter and freer England was born. There in that dark hour the first streak of the new dawn was seen. For in no way save by a great upheaval and change could the nation break away from that iron feudal system

which held her limbs. But now it was a new country which came out from that year of death. The barons were dead in swathes. No high turret nor cunning moat could keep out that black commoner who struck them down. Oppressive laws slackened for want of those who could enforce them, and once slackened could never be enforced again. The laborer would be a slave no longer. The bondsman snapped his shackles. There was much to do and few left to do it. Therefore the few should be free men, name their own price, and work where and for whom they would. It was the black death which cleared the way for that great rising thirty years later which left the English peasant the freest of his class in Europe.

But there were few so far-sighted that they could see that here as ever good was coming out of evil. At the moment misery and ruin were brought into every family. The dead cattle, the ungarnered crops, the untilled lands—every spring of wealth had dried up at the same moment. Those who were rich became poor; but those who were poor already, and especially those who were poor with the burden of gentility upon their shoulders, found themselves in a perilous state. All through England the smaller gentry were ruined, for they had no trade save war, and they drew their living from the work of others. On many a manor-house there came evil times, and on none more than on the Manor of Tilford, where for many generations the noble family of the Loring had held their home.

There was a time when the Loring had held the country from the North Downs to the Lakes of Frensham, and when their grim castle-keep rising above the green meadows which border the River Wey had been the strongest fortalice betwixt Guildford Castle in the east and Winchester in the west. But there came that Barons' War, in which the King used his Saxon subjects as a whip with which to scourge his Norman barons, and Castle Loring, like so many other great strongholds, was swept



from the face of the land. From that time the Loring, with estates sadly curtailed, lived in what had been the dower-house, with enough for splendor.

And then came their lawsuit with Waverley Abbey, and the Cistercians laid claim to their richest land, with peccary, turbary and feudal rights over the remainder. It straggled on for years, this great lawsuit, and when it was finished the men of the Church and the men of the Law had divided all that was richest of the estate between them. There was still left the old manor-house from which with each generation there came a soldier to uphold the credit of the name and to show the five scarlet roses on the silver shield where it had always been shown—in the van. There were twelve bronzes in the little chapel where Mathew the priest said mass every morning, all of men of the house of Loring. Two lay with their legs crossed, as being from the Crusades. Six others rested their feet upon lions as having died in war. Four only lay with the effigy of their hounds to show that they had passed in peace.

Of this famous but impoverished family, doubly impoverished by law and by pestilence, two members were living in the year of grace 1349—Lady Ermytrude Loring and her grandson Nigel. Lady Ermytrude's husband had fallen before the Scottish spearsmen at Stirling, and her son Eustace, Nigel's father, had found a glorious death nine years before this chronicle opens upon the poop of a Norman galley at the sea-fight of Sluys. The lonely old woman, fierce and brooding like the falcon mewed in her chamber, was soft only toward the lad whom she had brought up. All the tenderness and love of her nature, so hidden from others that they could not imagine their existence, were lavished upon him. She could not bear him away from her, and he, with that respect for authority which the age demanded, would not go without her blessing and consent.

So it came about that Nigel with his lion heart and with the blood of a hundred soldiers thrilling in his veins still at the age of two and twenty wasted the weary days reclaiming his hawks with leash and lure or training the alans and spaniels who shared with the family the big earthen-floored hall of the manor-house.

Day by day the aged Lady Ermytrude had seen him wax in strength and in manhood, small of stature, it is true, but with muscles of steel and a soul of fire. From all parts, from the warden of Guildford Castle, from the tilt-yard of Farnham, tales of his prowess were brought back to her, of his daring as a rider, of his debonair courage, of his skill with all weapons; but still she, who had both husband and son torn from her by a bloody death, could not bear that this, the last of the Loring, the final bud of so famous an old tree, should share the same fate. With a weary heart, but with a smiling face, he bore with his uneventful days, while she would ever put off the evil time until the harvest was better, until the monks of Waverley should give up what they had taken, until his uncle should die and leave money for his outfit, or any other excuse with which she could hold him to her side.

And indeed, there was need for a man at Tilford, for the strife betwixt the Abbey and the manor-house had never been appeased, and still on one pretext or another the monks would clip off yet another slice of their neighbor's land. Over the winding river, across the green meadows, rose the short square tower and the high gray walls of the grim Abbey, with its bell tolling by day and night, a voice of menace and of dread to the little household.

It is in the heart of the great Cistercian monastery that this chronicle of old days must take its start, as we trace the feud betwixt the monks and the house of Loring, with those events to which it gave birth, ending with the coming of Chandos, the strange spear-running of Tilford Bridge and the deeds with which Nigel won fame in the wars. Elsewhere, in the chronicle of the White Company, it has been set forth what manner of man was Nigel Loring. Those who love him may read herein those things which went to his making. Let us go back together and gaze upon this green stage of England, the scenery, hill, plain and river even as now, the

actors in much our very selves, in much also so changed in thought and act that they might be dwellers in another world to ours.

CHAPTER II.

How the Devil Came to Waverley

THE day was the first of May, which was the Festival of the Blessed Apostles Philip and James. The year was the 1,349th from man's salvation.

From tierce to sext, and then again from sext to nones, Abbot John of the House of Waverley had been seated in his study whilst he conducted the many high duties of his office. All round for many a mile on every side stretched the fertile and flourishing estate of which he was the master. In the center lay the broad Abbey buildings, with church and cloisters, hospitium, chapter-house and frater-house, all buzzing with a busy life. Through the open window came the low hum of the voices of the brethren as they walked in pious converse in the ambulatory below. From across the cloister there rolled the distant rise and fall of a Gregorian chant, where the precentor was hard at work upon the

quiet content as he looked out at his huge but well-ordered household. Like every head of a prosperous Abbey, Abbot John, the fourth of the name, was a man of various accomplishment. Through his own chosen instruments he had to minister a great estate and to keep order and decorum among a large body of men living a celibate life. He was a rigid disciplinarian toward all beneath him, a supple diplomatist to all above. He held high debate with neighboring abbots and lords, with bishops, with papal legates, and even on occasion with the King's majesty himself. Many were the subjects with which he must be conversant. Questions of doctrine, questions of building, points of forestry, of agriculture, of drainage, of feudal law, all came to the Abbot for settlement. He held the scales of Justice in all the Abbey banlieue which stretched over many a mile of Hampshire and of Surrey. To the monks his displeasure might mean fasting, exile to some sterner community, or even imprisonment in chains. Over the layman also he could hold any punishment save only corporeal death, instead of which he had in hand the far more dreadful weapon of spiritual excommunication.

Such were the powers of the Abbot, and it is no wonder that there were masterful lines in the ruddy features of Abbot John, or that the brethren, glancing up, should put on an even meeker carriage and more demure expression as they saw the watchful face in the window above them.

A knock at the door of his study recalled the Abbot to his immediate duties, and he returned to his desk. Already he had spoken with his cellarer and prior, almoner, chaplain and lector, but now in the tall and gaunt monk who obeyed his summons to enter he recognized the most important and also the most importunate of his agents, Brother Samuel the sacrist, whose office, corresponding to that of the layman's bailiff, placed the material interests of the monastery and its dealings with the outer world entirely under his control, subject only to the check of the Abbot. Brother Samuel was a gnarled and stringy old monk whose stern and sharp-featured face reflected no light from above but only that sordid workaday world toward which it was forever turned. A huge book of accounts was tucked under one of his arms, while a great bunch of keys hung from the other hand, a badge of his office, and also on occasion of impatience a weapon of offense, as many a scarred head among rustics and lay brothers could testify.

The Abbot sighed wearily, for he suffered much at the hands of his strenuous agent. "Well, Brother Samuel, what is your will?" he asked.

"Holy father, I have to report that I have sold the wool to Master Baldwin of Winchester at two shillings a bale more than it fetched last year, for the murrain among the sheep has raised the price."

"You have done well, brother."

"I have also to tell you that I have distrained Wat the warrener from his cottage; for his Christmas rent is still unpaid, nor the hen-rents of last year."

"He has a wife and four children, brother." He was a good, easy man, the Abbot, though liable to be overborne by his sterner subordinate.

"It is true, holy father; but if I should pass him, then how am I to ask the rent of the foresters of Puttenham, or the hinds in the village? Such a thing spreads from house to house, and where then is the wealth of Waverley?"

"What else, Brother Samuel?"

"There is the matter of the fish-ponds."

The Abbot's face brightened. It was a subject upon which he was an authority. If the rule of his Order had robbed him of the softer joys of life, he had the keener zest for those which remained.

"How have the char prospered, brother?"

"They have done well, holy father; but the carp have died in the Abbot's pond."

"Carp prosper only upon a gravel bottom. They must be put in also in their due proportion, three milners to one spawner, brother sacrist, and the spot must be free from wind, stony and sandy, an eil deep, with willows and grass upon the banks. Mud for tench, brother, gravel for carp."

The sacrist leaned forward with the face of one who bears tidings of woe. "There are pike in the Abbot's pond," said he.

"Pike!" cried the Abbot in horror. "As well



Speak, man, or you stand on the penance stool in the chapter-house this very hour!"

choir, while down in the chapter-house sounded the strident voice of Brother Peter, expounding the rule of Saint Bernard to the novices.

Abbot John rose to stretch his cramped limbs. He looked out at the greensward of the cloister, and at the graceful line of open Gothic arches which skirted a covered walk for the brethren within. Two and two in their black-and-white garb with slow step and heads inclined, they paced round and round. Several of the more studious had brought their illuminating work from the scriptorium, and sat in the warm sunshine with their little platters of pigments and packets of gold-leaf before them, their shoulders rounded and their faces sunk low over the white sheets of vellum. There too was the copper-worker with his burin and graver. Learning and art were not traditions with the Cistercians as with the parent Order of the Benedictines, and yet the library of Waverley was well filled both with precious books and with pious students.

But the true glory of the Cistercian lay in his outdoor work, and so ever and anon there passed through the cloister some sun-burned monk, soiled mattock or shovel in hand, with his gown looped to his knee, fresh from the fields or the garden. The lush green water-meadows speckled with the heavy-fleeced sheep, the acres of corn-land reclaimed from heather and bracken, the vineyards on the southern slope of Crooksbury Hill, the rows of Hankley fish-ponds, the Frensham marshes drained and sown with vegetables, the spacious pigeon-cotes, all circled the great Abbey round with the visible labors of the Order.

The Abbot's full and florid face shone with a

shut up a wolf in our sheep-fold. How came a pike in the pond? There were no pike last year, and a pike does not fall with the rain nor rise in the springs. The pond must be drained, or we shall spend next Lent upon stockfish, and have the brethren down with the great sickness ere Easter Sunday has come to absolve us from our abstinence."

"The pond shall be drained, holy father; I have already ordered it. Then we shall plant pot-herbs on the mud bottom, and after we have gathered them in, return the fish and water once more from the lower pond, so that they may fatten among the rich stubble."

"Good!" cried the Abbot. "I would have three fish-stews in every well-ordered house—one dry for herbs, one shallow for the fry and the yearlings, and one deep for the breeders and the table-fish. But still, I have not heard you say how the pike came in the Abbot's pond."

A spasm of anger passed over the fierce face of the sacrist, and his keys rattled as his bony hand clasped them more tightly. "Young Nigel Loring!" said he. "He swore that he would do us scathe, and in this way he has done it."

"How know you this?"

"Six weeks ago he was seen day by day fishing for pike at the great Lake of Frensham. Twice at night he has been met with a bundle of straw under his arm on the Hankley Down. Well, I wot that the straw was wet and that a live pike lay within it."

The Abbot shook his head. "I have heard much of this youth's wild ways; but now indeed he has passed all bounds if what you say be truth. It was bad enough when it was said that he slew the King's deer in Woolmer Chase, or broke the head of Hobbs the chapman, so that he lay for seven days betwixt life and death in our infirmary, saved only by Brother Peter's skill in the pharmacies of herbs; but to put pike in the Abbot's pond—why should he play such a Devil's prank?"

"Because he hates the House of Waverley, holy father; because he swears that we hold his father's land."

"In which there is surely some truth."

"But, holy father, we hold no more than the law has allowed."

"True, brother, and yet between ourselves, we may admit that the heavier purse may weigh down the scales of Justice. When I have passed the old house and have seen that aged woman with her rud-dled cheeks and her baleful eyes look the curses she dare not speak, I have many a time wished that we had other neighbors."

"That we can soon bring about, holy father. Indeed, it is of it that I wished to speak to you. Nothing is more easy than for us to drive them from the country-side. There are thirty years' claims of escuage unsettled, and there is Sergeant Wilkins, the lawyer of Guildford, whom I will warrant to draw up such arrears of dues and rents and issues of hidage and fodder-corn that these folk, who are as beggarly as they are proud, will have to sell the roof-tree over them ere they can meet them. Within three days I will have them at our mercy."

"They are an ancient family and of good repute. I would not treat them too harshly, brother."

"Bethink you of the pike in the carp pond!"

The Abbot hardened his heart at the thought. "It was indeed a devil's deed—when we had but newly stocked it with char and with carp. Well, well, the law is the law, and if you can use it to hurt it is still lawful to do so. Have these claims been advanced?"

"Deacon the bailiff with his two varlets went down to the Hall yesternight on the matter of the escuage, and came screaming back with this young hothead raging at their heels. He is small and slight, yet he has the strength of many men in the hour of his wrath. The bailiff swears that he will go no more, save with half a score of archers to uphold him."

The Abbot was red with anger at this new offense. "I will teach him that

the servants of Holy Church, even though we of the rule of Saint Bernard be the lowliest and humblest of her children, can still defend their own against the froward and the violent! Go, cite this man before the Abbey court. Let him appear in the chapter-house after tierce to-morrow."

But the wary sacrist shook his head. "Nay, holy father, the times are not yet ripe. Give me three days, I pray you, that my case against him may be complete. Bear in mind that the father and the grandfather of this unruly squire were both famous men of their day and the foremost knights in the King's own service, living in high honor and dying in their knightly duty. The Lady Ermytrude Loring was first lady to the King's mother. Roger FitzAlan of Farnham and Sir Hugh Walcott of Guildford Castle were each old comrades-in-arms of Nigel's father, and sib to him on the distaff side. Already there has been talk that we have dealt harshly with them. Therefore, my rede is that we be wise and wary and wait until his cup be indeed full."

The Abbot had opened his mouth to reply, when the consultation was interrupted by a most unwonted buzz of excitement from amongst the monks in the cloister below. Questions and answers in excited voices sounded from one side of the ambulatory to the other. Sacrist and Abbot were gazing at each other in amazement at such a breach of the discipline and decorum of their well-trained flock, when there came a swift step upon the stair, and a white-faced brother flung open the door and rushed into the room.

"Father Abbot!" he cried. "Alas, alas! Brother John is dead, and the holy subprior is dead, and the Devil is loose in the five-virgate field!"

CHAPTER III.

The Yellow Horse of Crooksbury

IN those simple times there was a great wonder and mystery in life. Man walked in fear and solemnity with Heaven very close above his head, and Hell below his very feet. God's visible hand was everywhere, in the rainbow and the comet,



A last mad effort sent the creature toppling over backward upon its rider.

in the thunder and the wind. The Devil too raged openly upon the earth; he skulked behind the hedge-rows in the gloaming; he laughed loudly in the night-time; he clawed the dying sinner, pounced on the unbaptized babe, and twisted the limbs of the epileptic. A foul fiend slunk ever by a man's side and whispered villainies in his ear, while above him there hovered an angel of grace who pointed to the steep and narrow track. How could one doubt these things, when Pope and priest and scholar and King were all united in believing them, with no single voice of question in the whole wide world?

Every book read, every picture seen, every tale heard from nurse or mother, all taught the same lesson. And as a man traveled through the world his faith would grow the firmer, for go where he would there were the endless shrines of the saints, each with its holy relic in the center, and around it the tradition of incessant miracles, with stacks of deserted crutches and silver votive hearts to prove them. At every turn he was made to feel how thin was the veil, and how easily rent, which screened him from the awful denizens of the unseen world.

Hence the wild announcement of the frightened monk seemed terrible rather than incredible to those whom he addressed. The Abbot's ruddy face paled for a moment, it is true, but he plucked the crucifix from his desk and rose valiantly to his feet.

"Lead me to him!" said he. "Show me the foul fiend who dares to lay his grip upon brethren of the holy house of Saint Bernard! Run down to my chaplain, brother! Bid him bring the exorcist with him, and also the blessed box of relics, and the bones of Saint James from under the altar! With these and a contrite and humble heart we may show front to all the powers of darkness."

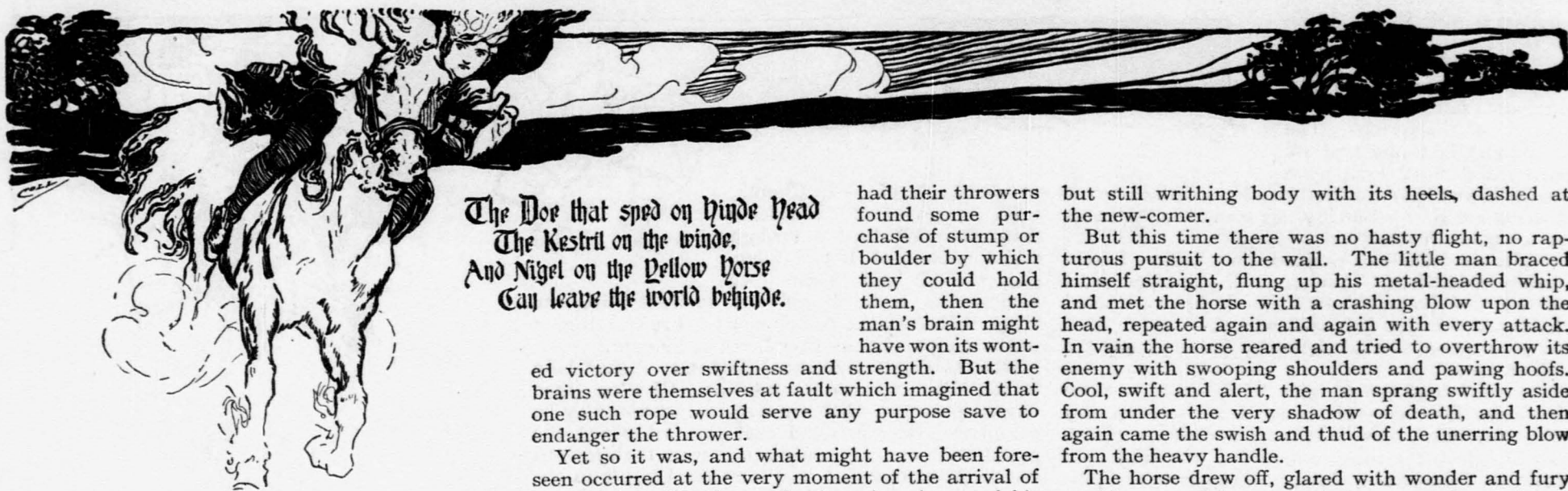
But the sacrist was of a more critical turn of mind. He clutched the monk's arm with a grip which left its five purple spots for many a day to come.

"Is this the way to enter the Abbot's own chamber without knock or reverence, or so much as a 'Pax vobiscum'?" said he sternly. "You were wont to be our gentlest novice, of lowly carriage in chapter, devout in psalmody and strict in the cloister. Pull your wits together and answer me straightly. In what form has the foul fiend appeared, and how has he done this grievous scathe to our brethren? Have you seen him with your own eyes, or do you repeat from hearsay? Speak, man, or you stand on the penance-stool in the chapter-house this very hour!"

Thus adjured, the frightened monk grew calmer in his bearing, though his white lips and his startled eyes, with the gasping of his breath, told of his inward tremors.

"If it please you, holy father, and you, reverend sacrist, it came about in this way. James the subprior, and Brother John and I had spent our day from sext onwards on Hankley cutting bracken for the cow-houses. We were coming back over the five-virgate field, and the holy subprior was telling us a saintly tale from the life of Saint Gregory, when there came a sudden sound like a rushing torrent, and the foul fiend sprang over the high wall which skirts the water-meadow and rushed upon us with the speed of the wind. The lay brother he struck to the ground and trampled into the mire. Then, seizing the good subprior in his teeth, he rushed round the field, swinging him as though he were a fardel of old clothes.

"Amazed at such a sight, I stood without movement and had said a credo and three aves, when the Devil dropped the subprior and sprang upon me. With the help of St. Bernard I clambered over the wall, but not before his teeth had found my leg, and



The Doe that sped on hynde head
The Kestrel on the winde,
And Nigel on the Yellow Horse
Can leave the world behinde.

he had torn away the whole back skirt of my gown." As he spoke he turned and gave corroboration to his story by the hanging ruins of his long trailing garment.

"In what shape then did Satan appear?" the Abbot demanded.

"As a great yellow horse, holy father—a monster horse, with eyes of fire and the teeth of a griffin."

"A yellow horse!" The sacrist glared at the scared monk. "You foolish brother! how will you behave when you have indeed to face the King of Terrors himself if you can be so frightened by the sight of a yellow horse? It is the horse of Franklin Aylward, my father, which has been distrained by us because he owes the Abbey fifty good shillings and can never hope to pay it. Such a horse, they say, is not to be found betwixt this and the King's stables at Windsor, for his sire was a Spanish destrier, and his dam an Arab mare of the very breed which Saladin, whose soul now reeks in Hell, kept for his own use, and even it has been said under the shelter of his own tent. I took him in discharge of the debt, and I ordered the varlets who had haltered him to leave him alone in the water-meadow, for I have heard that the beast has indeed a most evil spirit, and has killed more men than one."

"It was an ill day for Waverley that you brought such a monster within its bounds," said the Abbot. "If the subprior and Brother John be indeed dead, then it would seem that if the horse be not the Devil he is at least the Devil's instrument."

"Horse or Devil, holy father, I heard him shout with joy as he trampled upon Brother John, and had you seen him tossing the subprior as a dog shakes a rat you would perchance have felt even as I did."

"Come then," cried the Abbot, "let us see with our own eyes what evil has been done."

And the three monks hurried down the stair which led to the cloisters.

They had no sooner descended, however, than their more pressing fears were set at rest, for at that very moment, limping, disheveled and mud-stained, the two sufferers were being led in amid a crowd of sympathizing brethren. Shouts and cries from outside showed, however, that some further drama was in progress, and both Abbot and sacrist hastened onward as fast as the dignity of their office would permit, until they had passed the gates and gained the wall of the meadow. Looking over it, a remarkable sight presented itself to their eyes.

Fetlock deep in the lush grass there stood a magnificent horse, such a horse as a sculptor or a soldier might thrill to see. His color was a light chestnut, with mane and tail of a more tawny tint. Seventeen hands high, with a barrel and haunches which bespoke tremendous strength, he fined down to the most delicate lines of dainty breed in neck and crest and shoulder. He was indeed a glorious sight as he stood there, his beautiful body leaning back from his wide-spread and propped fore legs, his head craned high, his ears erect, his mane bristling, his red nostrils opening and shutting with wrath, and his flashing eyes turning from side to side in haughty menace and defiance.

Scattered round in a respectful circle, six of the Abbey lay servants and foresters, each holding a halter, were creeping toward him. Every now and then, with a beautiful toss and swerve and plunge, the great creature would turn upon one of his would-be captors, and with outstretched head, flying mane and flashing teeth, would chase him screaming to the safety of the wall, while the others would close swiftly in behind and cast their ropes in the hope of catching neck or leg, but only in their turn to be chased to the nearest refuge.

Had two of these ropes settled upon the horse, and

had their throwers found some purchase of stump or boulder by which they could hold them, then the man's brain might have won its wont-

ed victory over swiftness and strength. But the brains were themselves at fault which imagined that one such rope would serve any purpose save to endanger the thrower.

Yet so it was, and what might have been foreseen occurred at the very moment of the arrival of the monks. The horse, having chased one of his enemies to the wall, remained so long snorting his contempt over the coping that the others were able to creep upon him from behind. Several ropes were flung, and one noose settled over the proud crest and lost itself in the waving mane. In an instant the creature had turned and the men were flying for their lives; but he who had cast the rope lingered for an instant, uncertain what use to make of his own success. That moment of doubt was fatal. With a yell of dismay, the man saw the great creature rear above him. Then with a crash the fore feet fell upon him and dashed him to the ground. He rose screaming, was hurled over once more, and lay a quivering, bleeding heap, while the savage horse, the most cruel and terrible in its anger of all creatures on earth, bit and shook and trampled the writhing body.

A loud wail of horror rose from the lines of tanned heads which skirted the high wall—a wail which suddenly died away into a long hushed silence, broken at last by a rapturous cry of thanksgiving and of joy.

*

On the road which led to the old dark manor-house upon the side of the hill a youth had been riding. His mount was a sorry one, a weedy, shambling, long-haired colt, and his patched tunic of faded purple with stained leather belt presented no very smart appearance; yet in the bearing of the man, in the poise of his head, in his easy graceful carriage, and in the bold glance of his large blue eyes, there was that stamp of distinction and of breed which would have given him a place of his own in any assembly. He was of small stature, but his frame was singularly elegant and graceful. His face, though tanned with the weather, was delicate in features and most eager and alert in expression. A thick fringe of crisp yellow curls broke from under the dark flat cap which he was wearing, and a short golden beard hid the outline of his strong square chin. One white osprey feather thrust through a gold brooch in the front of his cap gave a touch of grace to his somber garb. This and other points of his attire, the short hanging mantle, the leather-sheathed hunting-knife, the cross belt which sustained a brazen horn, the soft doe-skin boots and the prick spurs, would all disclose themselves to an observer; but at the first glance the brown face set in gold and the dancing light of the quick, reckless, laughing eyes, were the one strong memory left behind.

Such was the youth who, cracking his whip joyously, and followed by half a score of dogs, cantered on his rude pony down the Tilford Lane, and thence it was that with a smile of amused contempt upon his face he observed the comedy in the field and the impotent efforts of the servants of Waverley.

Suddenly, however, as the comedy turned swiftly to black tragedy, this passive spectator leaped into quick strenuous life. With a spring he was off his pony, and with another he was over the stone wall and flying swiftly across the field. Looking up from his victim, the great yellow horse saw this other enemy approach, and spurning the prostrate,

but still writhing body with its heels, dashed at the new-comer.

But this time there was no hasty flight, no rapturous pursuit to the wall. The little man braced himself straight, flung up his metal-headed whip, and met the horse with a crashing blow upon the head, repeated again and again with every attack. In vain the horse reared and tried to overthrow its enemy with swooping shoulders and pawing hoofs. Cool, swift and alert, the man sprang swiftly aside from under the very shadow of death, and then again came the swish and thud of the unerring blow from the heavy handle.

The horse drew off, glared with wonder and fury at this masterful man, and then trotted round in a circle, with mane bristling, tail streaming and ears on end, snorting in its rage and pain. The man, hardly deigning to glance at his fell neighbor, passed on to the wounded forester, raised him in his arms with a strength which could not have been expected in so slight a body, and carried him, groaning, to the wall, where a dozen hands were outstretched to help him over. Then, at his leisure, the young man also climbed the wall, smiling back with cool contempt at the yellow horse, which had come raging after him once more.

As he sprang down, a dozen monks surrounded him to thank him or to praise him; but he would have turned sullenly away without a word had he not been stopped by Abbot John in person.

"Nay, Squire Loring," said he, "if you be a bad friend to our Abbey, yet we must needs own that you have played the part of a good Christian this day, for if there is breath left in our servant's body it is to you next to our blessed patron Saint Bernard that we owe it."

"By Saint Paul! I owe you no good-will, Abbot John," said the young man. "The shadow of your Abbey has ever fallen across the house of Loring. As to any small deed that I may have done this day, I ask no thanks for it. It is not for you nor for your house that I have done it, but only because it was my pleasure so to do."

The Abbot flushed at the bold words, and bit his lip with vexation.

It was the sacrist, however, who answered: "It would be more fitting and more gracious," said he, "if you were to speak to the holy Father Abbot in a manner suited to his high rank and to the respect which is due to a Prince of the Church."

The youth turned his bold blue eyes upon the monk, and his sunburned face darkened with anger. "Were it not for the gown upon your back, and for your silvery hair, I would answer you in another fashion," said he. "You are the lean wolf which growls ever at our door, greedy for the little which hath been left to us. Say and do what you will with me, but by Saint Paul! if I find that Dame Ermytrude is baited by your ravenous pack I will beat them off with this whip from the little patch which still remains of all the acres of my fathers."

"Have a care, Nigel Loring, have a care!" cried the Abbot, with finger upraised. "Have you no fears of the law of England?"

"A just law I fear and obey."

"Have you no respect for Holy Church?"

"I respect all that is holy in her. I do not respect those who grind the poor or steal their neighbor's land."

"Rash man, many a one has been blighted by her ban for less than you have now said! And yet it is not for us to judge you harshly this day. You are young and hot words come easily to your lips. How fares the forester?"

"His hurt is grievous, Father Abbot, but he will live," said a brother, looking up from the prostrate form. "With a blood-letting and an electuary, I will warrant him sound within a month."

"Then bear him to the hospital. And now, brother, about this terrible beast who still gazes and snorts at us over the top of the wall as though his thoughts of Holy Church were as uncouth as those of Squire Nigel himself, what are we to do with him?"

"Here is Franklin Aylward," said one of the brethren. "The horse was his, and doubtless he will take it back to his farm."

But the stout red-faced farmer shook his head at the proposal. "Not I, in faith!" said he. "The beast hath chased me twice round the paddock; it has nigh slain my boy Samkin. He would never be happy till he had ridden it, nor has he ever been

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QUEEN OF THE INNUIT

An English Lad's Legacy to His Dusky Sweetheart and What She Did With It

By JOHN ALLAN HORNSBY



She Sets Out for the Rescue of Some White Man

NOT all the fires of passion that burn to purify or devour are kindled at the hearthstone of fashion; not all the romances of love and suffering are housed in the heart of milady of the palace; and that a poor, ignorant Eskimo girl, born in a burrow and reared amid the most degrading poverty, may ascend to the highest pinnacles of unselfish devotion, purest charity and finest courage on the rebound of an unfortunate love, is proved in this story, the exact truth of which is known to hundreds of men and women on the Pacific Coast from Los Angeles to Point Barrow, and on the Asiatic continent from Vladivostok to the Arctic Ocean.

Thirty years ago, Mary Makridoff, the daughter of an Eskimo woman, lived with her father, a half-breed Russian, at the mouth of Sinrock River on Bering Sea. She was merely one in a squalid village of Innuits (or Eskimaux) natives—a young girl just coming into her legacy of womanhood. But even then she was haloed in the minds of her humble neighbors as a being something above themselves, and the little smattering of Russian lore she had learned from her father gave her a measure of ascendancy over the people of her tribe. She seemed literally a "flower, born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The destiny of this girl came in a fierce equinoctial storm one bitter autumn night when she was fourteen years old. Far out beyond Sledge Island, that hedged in her bleak home from the open sea, was discovered a whaling ship in deep distress from the storm. As the natives watched through the cold mists of the short gray day, her rigging went by the board, and toward evening the doomed vessel struck upon the rocks and her bones were piled upon the beach.

Ivan Makridoff and a dozen of his fellow-villagers manned their frail bidarka and went to the rescue, not waiting for the calming of the sea. That was an anxious night in the poor Eskimo village for Mary Makridoff, who deeply loved her father, and for the other women whose sons and husbands had gone on their mission of mercy.

In the morning another boat went out on a calmer sea, but Ivan Makridoff's bidarka never returned, and the only vestige of life found by the seekers of the wreckage of the storm was one half-dead sailorboy, his bruised and bleeding body swaying in the surf beside the bodies of some of his companions. It was a sad home-coming that brought the fair-faced lad and the story of the lost bidarka to the shore that same day.

While the women of the tribe, led by the heart-broken Mary, were nursing the boy back to life, he muttered memories of his vine-clad English home, his devoted mother, his weeping sisters, his revered father, as they bade him God-speed on this his first essay to see the great world, before he should settle down in their quiet village to follow in the footsteps of his father, a clergyman of the Church of England.

It was a long winter that Ralph Woodburn lay in the poor hovel of the Eskimos, slowly recovering from the fever that had come upon him from the effects of cold and exposure. Mary Makridoff was of necessity almost his sole companion and nurse, for the whole village had to work hard to keep from starving, and her task was a hallowed one, because in her simple heart she felt that her father had given his life in the rescue of the young stranger, and in a measure the devotion she would so gladly have given to her father was showered upon the youth.

In time her only absences from his side were

when she was preparing for him dainty little morsels of ptarmigan caught by the boys of the village and the choicest pieces of fresh fish caught through holes in the ice, with now and then a dish of stewed berries that had been dried the previous summer.

Was it that the life of an invalid was so pleasant to the young Englishman, that he got well so slowly? and was it that his nurse's task was so sad a pleasure, that those two, the girl and the boy, sat for hours at a time in silence, reading their thoughts in each other's eyes?

To the girl at least the days were sadly happy. The invalid told sometimes—slowly, that she might follow him in the few English words he had taught her—of his home, of his sisters, of his mother, and in time he told her too the story of Jesus, His life of charity on earth, and of the promise He had given of a happy eternity to those who should follow in His footsteps. He taught her many of the old hymns that were so dear to himself, and after awhile she learned to sing some of them to him when he was not strong enough to sing them for her.

Finally the long nights grew shorter, the snows began to leave the mountain-sides, and bright-colored flowers began to spring up in the tundra. Then it was that the sweetest memories came to the boy, in the bunches of blue violets, wild roses, forget-me-nots and marguerites that were every day placed by his couch of furs, and perhaps it was then too that the flower of love bloomed in the desolation of the wilderness. At any rate, the boy knew that there was some one who seemed to take the place of the loved ones at home,



He Taught Her Many of the Old Hymns

and no longer did Mary grieve with a hopeless grief for the father she had lost.

When the days were fine the boy and the girl would sit for hours by the sea, the one watching for the ship that was to take him back to England, half in dread of its coming, for the parting that must follow, the other in fear and trembling lest her latest dreams of happiness should end. In these days Mary learned to speak the English language fairly well and she learned many things about the big world she had never seen, and with a naturally quick mind and retentive memory she became the best-educated woman that lived

in that part of Alaska.

But no ship came—in its stead came a messenger from another world—and as the snows began again to creep down the mountains Ralph Woodburn was rarely able to leave his couch in the hovel; his cough came oftener, his pale face emphasized more and more the swarthy features of his dark sweetheart, and finally the last flowers of the summer were placed in a darkened igloo, beside a cold, still form, and the village wept with Mary Makridoff.

The visitor to the miserable village of Sinrock, on the shores of Bering Sea, will be taken to the one viewpoint of which the natives are proud, and there upon the knoll is the grave of Ralph Woodburn. No English words tell the story of his coming or of his going, but the smallest child of the village will point far out to sea, from which he came, and up into the blue sky to which he has gone; and he will read for you in the rude totems that stand about his grave the story almost as it is told here. And as the ships come into the harbor from far out on the sea, one of the first spots that will catch the eye is a little white-canvas tent standing on a knoll, placed by the natives to protect the grave of Ralph Woodburn from the elements and to keep off the bitter winter winds. Though it is now thirty years since he left them, and most of those who knew him are gone to join him in the beautiful land of which he told them, the little tent is still kept there, white as their own snows, renewed often as are their vows to cherish his memory.

In the bitter days that followed the death of Ralph Woodburn, Mary Makridoff became the good angel of her people; she ministered to her own bleeding heart in nursing the sick, waiting upon the aged and mothering the little children. She was called "Queen of the Innuits" by those who knew how completely her life was given to her people.

Time went on, and as Mary Makridoff grew older she realized that she must follow in the footsteps of all the women of the Innuits, and so she married one day Charlie Augensook, the bravest, cheeriest and most promising youth of the village. But instead of settling into the ways of her people, she infused some of her own spirit into the veins of her husband, and they two went hand in hand among the tribes of the natives, teaching them the lessons she had learned never to forget.

One day early in the summer of 1895 a small ship named The Alice anchored behind Sledge Island to escape the storm that was coming up from the Siberian Coast. Several of the crew and passengers, made up of gold-seekers from Chicago and San Francisco, went ashore, and coming upon the village of the Eskimos unannounced, heard far in the distance the faint strains of music that seemed familiar to their ears, and moving yet nearer, they made out in words half English and half the guttural of the Innuits:

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

It was Mary Makridoff and Charlie Augensook, in the half-buried igloo of the Eskimo village, having a Sunday-school, in the fashion pictured to her so long ago by Ralph Woodburn.

Long years have passed since then, and Charlie Augensook has been gathered to his fathers; but Mary Makridoff still reigns as Queen over the little village at the mouth of the Sinrock River, on the lonely coast of Alaska. Her poor igloo of other years is changed now to a commodious house of clapboards covering almost an acre of ground, and in it are housed more than one hundred children of the Innuits, orphans whom she claims for

her own; and there she has teachers for them, that they may know some of the things she once took so great a delight to hear, and there too they are taught, this by her own lips, the story of Jesus, as it was taught to her.

And she has not wearied of her good work at the threshold of her own door. She has traveled all the length of the coast for hundreds of miles, and up and down the bleak Siberian Coast—and there among the children of the Chukchee she has established schools and Sunday-schools, and there too she has igloos of her own, housing the orphans wherever she may find them. "Mary's Igloo" at Sinrock is a household word in all Seward Peninsula,

and every storm-overtaken traveler knows if he can only reach those hospitable doors every want will be supplied without money and without price.

In the memorable winter of 1898, when Captain Jarvis and Dr. Call, volunteers of the United States Government, lost all the food supplies they were taking to the relief of the starving whalers at Point Barrow, in their long journey from Kuskokwim, Mary Makridoff gave them five hundred live reindeer, without question of price, and these they drove to Point Barrow and saved the lives of two hundred men. In appreciation of her generosity, the Government gave her two reindeer for each one she had given for the starving whalers, and now every

winter the Government furnishes to her large stores of food and clothing, which she uses for the relief of stranded gold-seekers who may be in her neighborhood.

Though she is not so young as she once was, on many a bitterly cold night, when the blizzards blow the fiercest, she sets out herself, with only a trusty native and her reindeer team, for the rescue of some white man she has heard of overtaken by the storm.

To many in Alaska, the name of Mary Makridoff may come without a meaning, but "Sinrock Mary," "Queen Mary," just plain "Mary" and "Mary's Igloo" have a charm and a meaning all their own.

VALUE OF TIME AND MONEY

ONCE upon a time there was a man who was out of employment for many weary moons.

And the days which he should have spent in prancing hopefully along the purple urban pave he frittered away in telling his friends what he would do if he only had the requisite shekels of gold and silver jingling in his jeans.

He would frequently take up a paper and glance over the advertisements in quest of bargains and other attractive offerings. When he found something that captivated his fancy, he would read it carefully and remark to any of his friends who happened to be near:

"Now just listen to this: 'On Monday night next Mr. and Mrs. So and So will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Acropolis Theater with their famous London Company in 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'The Taming of the Shrew.'" This, to the fastidious lover of high art, will be an intellectual feast and as such a treat of which I cannot give anything like an adequate idea in words. One of those matinees, for instance, with a good substantial twenty-seven-cent department-store table-d'hôte luncheon sparkling in its wake would be a combination such as never occurred to the lively imagination of Catullus. Fortified with the aforesaid feast, the play would become a postprandial joy, as one's fancy would then have fullest play and one's thoughts could at will dream on the moonlit wings of Æolus or perform fantastic sarabands on the petals of the cowslip. It would be quite to my liking to attend say three or four of these performances. I have the coveted time to go, but, alas! I have not the money with which to purchase the magic pasteboard of admission, and am, therefore, so to speak, marooned on the desolate wind-swept shores of circumstance. Alas, if I but had the money, which I have not!"

"Why do you thus waste time in lamentation?" his friend would remark. "Better by far would it be for you to leap out upon the heath of Hustledom and wring a good job out of somebody, than to sit here wringing your hands in despair because you have not that for which you sigh with the mad intensity of a siren whistle."

Paying no attention to such a remark, the unfortunate creature who was out of employment would casually turn over the page of his paper and continue in a more or less morose manner and tone:

"Well, well, just look at this! Here is a full set of Thackeray's works, finely bound, gilt top and deckle-edged like a home-made pie. I'll wager you that it is just the sort of set that is calculated to gladden the weary soul that revels in the beautiful and yearns only for those high, ennobling things which constitute the intellectual life—the only life that is worth living. And here is this beautiful set, each

By R. K. Munkittrick

volume a deathless monument of art in itself, offered for the ruinously low price of twelve dollars.

"Think of it, eighteen volumes for twelve dollars! Why, I could sit down and renew my youth and in a way cast off this spirit of gloom and care and feel sprightliness come on whirling wings apace to enter into and possess itself of this melancholy tabernacle of gout. My aches and pains would crumble, dissolve and vanish with the rings of smoke blown from my pipe while lingering fondly and dwelling dreamily in the sunny garden of English fiction. Thackeray was the genius who could supply anything demanded by the most fastidious mental palate, from the lobster à la Newburg of golden romance to the very canned beans of democratic commonplace. I have the time to read him, but, alas and alack and a welladay! I have not the winged coin with which to effect the much desired purchase."

Then his friend would reply with diplomatic delicacy and caution: "Then why in the world don't you tear yourself away from this condition of hopeless speculation by which you are so sore begirt. Arise with the lark, oh gentle Festus, and while the jeweled east glimmers on your outspread pinions as you glide athwart the cobbled way, look for the job that yields the coin that buys the set of Thackeray that is deckle-edged like the home-

made pie which I fondly fancy can never be commercialized. Fly from the realm of If and But in which

you are now sojourning! Come down off your perch in the clouds and keep on coming down until you strike that great leavening level known in the vernacular as hard-pan!"

To this bit of wholesome advice the man out of employment would pay no attention. He would not even make it manifest that he was in the least offended or ruffled in spirit, but would continue to turn the pages of his paper and rattle on:

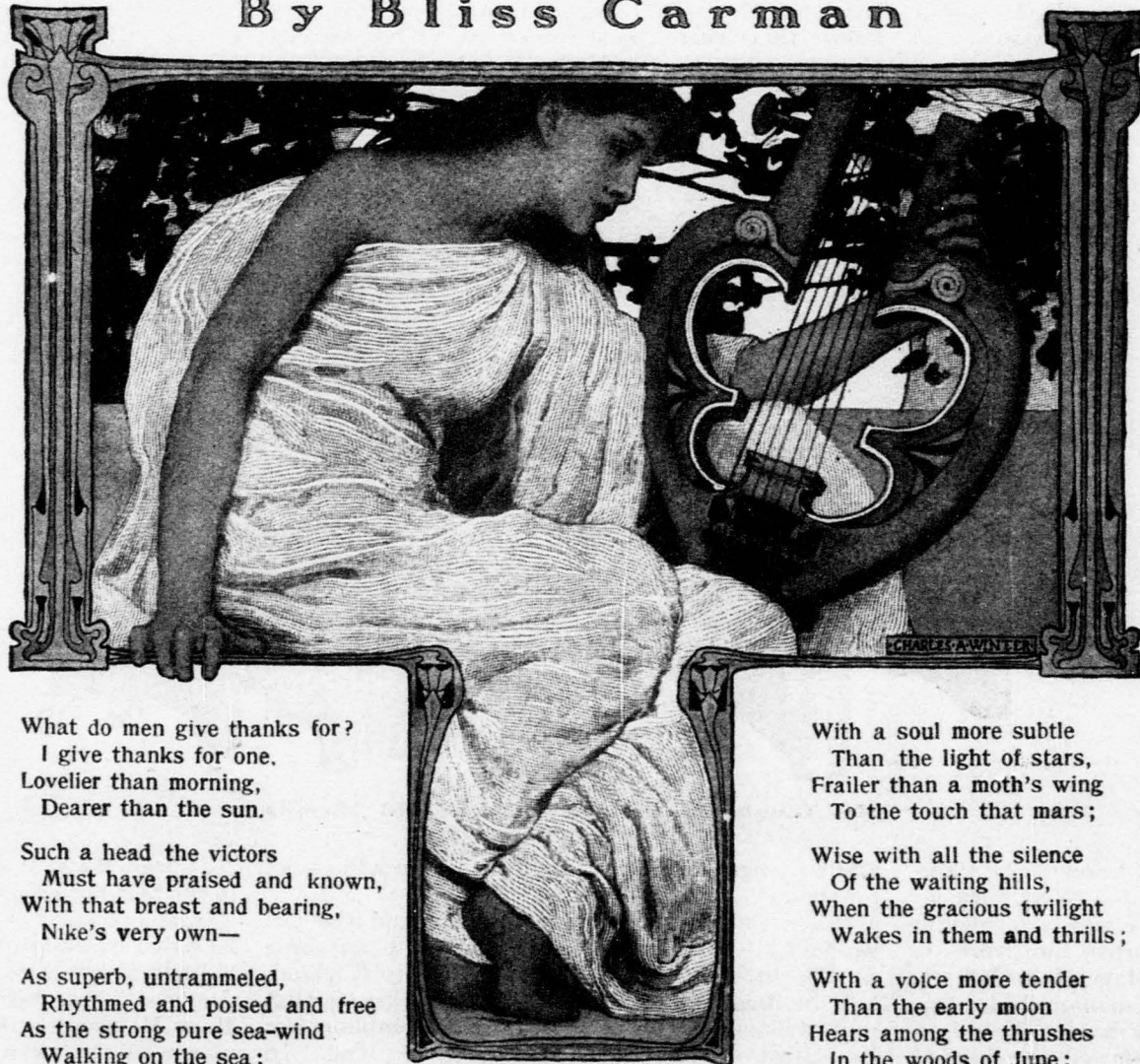
"Now here is the kind of thing that I call a good investment—a trip to the Tropics and back, good for thirty days, for one hundred and forty dollars, including board. That amount of money is a mere nothing when you have it; yet it is a million dollars when you have it not. I have the time, and lots to spare. What is thirty days? Why, it is as a handful of wind, and yet I am not ignorant of the fact that the brief period of fifteen minutes in the shape of a flying start is more than a cycle in Cathay to a defaulting bank official. Now if I had the money I would not have to resort to philosophical reflection for comfort and consolation. I could nail philosophy like a sugar-cured ham to the dusty rafters of oblivion, if I may so put it, and instead of giving my song the ancient burden of 'I might be a great deal worse off,' I could split the welkin with the refrain of the man who is prosperous and doing well: 'Why am I not a great deal better off?'"

"With the requisite coin in my sartorial envelop to radiate a sensation of joy over my entire anatomy, I would hie me forth in quest of one of the said tickets, and in a very short time I would see the moonlight dancing on the trembling jasmine, the green and lavender monkeys milking the cocoanuts for breakfast and hanging themselves up by the tail for a night's sleep upon the swinging bough. Think of wandering among the shimmering, iridescent shells and listening to the halcyon as he skims the carven waves, and of hearing the parrots and cockatoos which are all the colors of the rainbow, and of seeing the rainbow that is all the colors of the aforesaid parrots and cockatoos, while the latter lacerate and fracture the circumambient atmosphere with their wild, weird, unpunctuated squawks ripped off in lengths to suit their various fancies! And then think of the bathing in the sea, and the bracing up of one's health! Well, all I have to say is that I have the time, but I have not the money; so, of course I cannot go."

"Of course you cannot go," his friend would rejoin, with a smile, "for the simple reason that you refuse to roll up your sleeves and pitch in and make a Spartan effort to cash your time and put it in the bank instead of allowing

MY THANKSGIVING

By Bliss Carman



What do men give thanks for?

I give thanks for one,
Lovelier than morning,
Dearer than the sun.

Such a head the victors
Must have praised and known,
With that breast and bearing,
Nike's very own—

As superb, untrammelled,
Rhythmed and poised and free
As the strong pure sea-wind
Walking on the sea;

Such a hand as Beauty
Uses with full heart,
Seeking for her freedom
In new shapes of art:

Soft as rain in April,
Quiet as the days
Of the purple asters
And the autumn haze;

With a soul more subtle
Than the light of stars,
Frailer than a moth's wing
To the touch that mars;

Wise with all the silence
Of the waiting hills,
When the gracious twilight
Wakes in them and thrills;

With a voice more tender
Than the early moon
Hears among the thrushes
In the woods of June;

Delicate as grasses
When they lift and stir—
One sweet lyric woman—
I give thanks for her.

THE WIDOW'S MIGHT

How the Power of Her Pies Prevailed Against Prosecution



By EDGAR WELTON COOLEY

IT certainly was ominous to the peace and dignity of Saloom Center for the

two strong arms of the law to be shakin' clenched fists at one another in a manner not calculated to indicate brotherly love; but there was Squire Dale, fat, furious and forty, standin' on top of his desk, his face florid, his grayin' locks tremblin' with excitements, perspirin' profanity and scowlin' coagulated oratory at Constable Tuttle, and there was Constable Tuttle, angular, ashen and angry, mounted on a chair, combin' out his long wiry beard with the fingers of his hand not otherwise engaged, and harpoonin' the court with epigrams as keen as a bull-terrier's appetite.

"Tut, tut, tut!" shouts the Squire, whose flow of language becomes choked in moments of accumulated agitation.

"Don't 'Tut, tut' me!" roars the constable. "I'm plumb tired of hearin' you go 'Tut, tut, tut!' like an old settin' hen every time you talk to me, and I ain't goin' to stand it. Shouldn't wonder it would give me nervous prostration. You've got to stop it!"

"I was just tryin' to say, 'Tut-Tut-Tuttle,'" snaps the Squire, his temperature risin' by leaps and bounds. "Now tell me, be you or be you not a officer of this here court, Mr. Tut-Tut-Tuttle?" says he.

"I be," replies the constable, sorrerful.

"And be you or be you not subor-bor-bordinate to me?" demands the Squire, puffin' out like a pouter pige'n.

"I be," snarls the constable.

"Then," bellers the Squire, precipitatin' his right fist into the holler of his left hand, "if I issues a writ of attat-tat-tachment, be it or be it not your boundin' duty to serve it at once, Mr. Tut-Tuttle?"

"Boundin' duty be churned!" yells the constable. "I won't do it. I tell you it's perniferous for that old skinflint to take the widder's cow, and any court that'll let him do it is—is—" He paused, gaspin' for a word equal to his feelin's.

For a minute Squire Dale was a tragic tableau. Then he fiercely scrambled down from his pedestal, grabbed his pen and jabbed it spitefully into the ink.

"Mr. Tut-Tuttle," he growls, glarin' over the top of his steel-rimmed specs, "if you don't serve this here writ forthwith and immejit, by the eter-ter-ternal I'll fine ye for contempt of court!"

"Huh!" yells Tuttle, purt' nigh frothin' at the mouth, "huh!" he yells, jumpin' down from his chair and snappin' his fingers under the Squire's nose, "can't noboddy have contempt for this court! It's beneath contempt," says he.

The Squire gasped for breath, starin' spontaneous combustion in the face. Then he grew calmer. "Mr. Tut-Tuttle," says he sternly, "if you don't serve this writ, I—I will."

"If you do," yells the constable, poundin' the desk with his fist, "by ginger, I'll arrest you for impersonatin' a officer and—and I'll put you in jail!"

"You—you—" sputters the Squire, climbin'

over the desk and layin' vilent hands on the other—"you'll do what, you brayin' baboon?"

"Say," mumbles Tuttle, suddenly sufferin' from a two hundred and twenty-pound court-plaster on the back of his neck, "say, I honestly believe I'm gettin' mad, and if you don't let me up this minute, I'm afraid I'll twist your cracked spinal column into a measly old musket and blow out your brains."

"Now, now, now," remonstrates the Squire, clampin' his fingers together a little tighter, "you wouldn't dare to distort the law that way, would you?"

"Consarn ye!" gurgles Tuttle, squirming like an angleworm. "Do you think I've got my windpipe stickin' through a hole in the wall like a blame old gasolene engine? I can't breathe, and anyway," says he, "can't you take a joke?"

So half an hour later there was Constable Tuttle, court document in his inside pocket, tremblin' with scairt-to-deathness, on the front stoop of Widder Carleton's cottage. His timid knock was answered by the widder in pusson. Her nut-brown hair was caught back with a pink ribbon, her sleeves were rolled up to her plump elbows, her blue-gingham apron was flecked with flour, her dimpled cheeks were flushed from frequent peerin' into the oven. As she opened the door there floated out upon the air and into Tuttle's hungry nostrils the aroma of custard-pies.

"Why, howd'y, Mr. Tuttle!" she chirrups, beamin' upon him like a burst of sunlight and brushin' back a stray lock of hair that was exercisin' itself on her classic brow. "You're just in time to have a nice warm piece of pie. Walk right in."

The constable's hand crept hesitatin'ly towards his inside pocket, then suddenly withdrew. "Ahem," says he, clearin' his throat, nervously. "I—I—that is, I—"

"Yes, I know," begins the widder cheerily. "I know you never come here pu'pose to git any of my pie, but now that you're here"—she caught him by the coat and playfully pulled him inside—"I know you ain't goin' away 'thout tastin' it."

"N-o," drawls Tuttle, bewildered, his hand again travelin' slowly pocketward. "N-o; but you see, Mis' Carleton," says he, "I—I hope you won't lay it up ag'in' me none."

"Law sakes!" cries the widder, placing a chair beside the table and almost pushin' the constable into it. "Law sakes, the very idee of a woman invitin' a partic'lar friend"—Tuttle blushed—"to try a piece of her pie, and then layin' it up agin' him! Why you oughter have your

ears boxed for suggestin' such a thing!"

"But, mum," begins Tut-

tle feebly, makin' another desp'ret effort to draw something from his pocket and failin', "you don't understand."

"Don't understand?" she interrupts, pausin' in the kitchen door and glancin' over her shoulder, coquettish. "Do you reckon I've laid two husbands under the sod for nothin'? Don't you reckon I'd oughter know something about the nature of a man? All men," says she, smilin' mischievous—"all men is alike when it comes to eatin' pie." And with that shot she disappeared in the pantry.

Tuttle took the writ from his pocket and spread it open upon the table. "Now," says he, talkin' to himself and brushin' the perspiration from his forehead, "when she comes back I'll just kinder show it to her easy and—oh, Lord!" says he, crumplin' the paper up right sudden and jammin' it into his pocket when he saw her comin' through the door, a big, round, fragrant, steamin' pie in one hand and a goblet of creamy milk in the other.

"Now," says the widder, placin' the pie and the milk in front of him and smilin' as sweet as honey, "if this don't make you glad you called—"

"I don't like it!" explodes the constable, bringin' his fist down on the table, "and by ginger, I won't have nothin' to do with it!" says he, thinkin' of his errand and feelin' uncomfortable.

"Why, why!" exclaims Mis' Carleton, her blue eyes wide open with wonder, regardin' Tuttle curiously. "Don't like custard-pie just out of the oven, and rich Jersey milk? Who ever heard—"

"Yes—no—yes," stammers Tuttle, shiftin' uneasy in his chair, and feelin' the blood settin' his temples afire. "I mean I do like it. Nothin' better on earth. Thanky, mum."

"If you find," remarks the widder, smilin' to herself and helpin' him to a quarter-section of pie, "if you find it a little better than any you ever put a tooth into," says she, "you may know it's on account of the milk. Some folks lay more on the crust, but I say it's in the fillin'. If you want good custard-pie, you've got to have good milk. Now, my cow"—Tuttle winced—"gives just the right kind of milk for pies."

Tuttle swore under his breath. "My first husband," continues the widder, "was partial to pies—custard-pies in particular. I used to warn him," she says,



"By Ginger! She'll Sue Me for Breach of Promise"

glancin' sideways at the constable, "that he wouldn't live long if he didn't eat more solid food; but he wouldn't listen, and so," her voice trembled, "he died and left me."

Tuttle swallowed a mouthful of pie at a gulp. "The scoundrell!" he cried suddenly, thinkin' of the attachment; "the infernal old skinflint!"

"Why, Mr. Tuttle," gasps the widder, holdin' up her hands in horror, "the idee of you settin' here at my table and enjoyin' my hospitality and callin' my poor, dear, dead husband a scoundrel and a skinflint!"

"Oh, Lor—" begins Tuttle, then grabbed at the air, tumbled on the floor and rolled his eyes horrible. The widder snatched up the goblet and poured the milk down his throat and pounded him on the back. "Lord!" he gasps finally, dislodgin' a piece of crust that had stuck in his windpipe. "Lord, I didn't mean that! Lord, no! I meant—I dunno what I meant."

The widder regarded him in wonder and surprise.

"The truth is," he continues, when the embarrassments had got too heavy to bear, "the truth is I have a—a—" he stopped and gazed, bashful, at the remnant of the pie—"an attachment for you that—that—"

"Oh!" warbles the widder, pretendin' to blush and gazin' at him admirin'ly. "I allers heard that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach;



"I Don't Like It!"
Explodes the Constable

"Sure," bursts in Tuttle, graspin' the wrong idea with both hands and smilin' his gratitude, "I'll do the very best I can, mum, to stop any further courtin' until I hear from you."

When she heard them few remarks of Tuttle's, the widder changed her quaint expression twenty times a minute; but the constable didn't tarry to reap the consequences. Hat in hand, he rushed through the door and into the street, scatterin' great sighs of relief by the wayside.

But suddenly he stopped in the middle of the road. His brow was wrinkled with deep lines, his eyes were bulgin'. "By ginger!" he says, pullin' his beard meditatively, "I wonder if she thought I was pop-pop-pop—" He purt'-nigh choked on the word. "Let me think," says he, scratchin' his head, "what in tarnation did I say to her, anyhow? I—I—she—she—by ginger, she'll sue me for breach of promise!"

Squire Dale, chair tilted back, feet on top of desk, mouth wide open, eyes shut, was snorin' right energetic when Tuttle burst through the door like a cyclone runnin' amuck.

"Court or no court, contempt or no contempt, jail or no jail," fumes the constable, showin' indications of a vi'lent internal eruption, "you can mallywhack me with a bar'l-stave, you can let me rot in the penitentiary, you can hang me to a

Continued on page 18

THE ART OF BEING DISAGREEABLE

By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler

Author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," Etc.

THERE are three kinds of disagreeable people: First, the people who are disagreeable simply because they will not take the trouble to make themselves agreeable; second, the people who are disagreeable for the pure love of the thing; third, the people who are deliberately disagreeable for some set object or purpose.

The first class are not artists in any sense of the word; they are not even gentle people, though they may be Christians. They do not sin against the moral code; but against the social code they are offenders indeed—so much so that unless they are prepared to amend their ways they have no right to go into society at all.

What would we think of a man who insisted upon playing golf without a ball? We would straightway dub him a lunatic. But none the less deserving of our scorn is the man or woman who purposes to take part in the great game of social intercourse without the necessary equipment of the mouth opened with wisdom and the tongue governed by the law of kindness. There is nothing morally wrong in refusing to hit a little white ball; but you can never play golf as long as you maintain this refusal. There is nothing morally wrong in objecting to make yourself agreeable; but you ought never to go into society as long as you continue this objection.

And there is some trouble involved in playing the social game properly, as there is in the proper playing of any game. You have to learn what to say and what not to say, what subjects to dwell upon and what subjects to avoid. In short, you have to study the great—almost the divine—art of being agreeable.

The second class of disagreeable persons are neither gentlemen nor Christians, but they may be, to a certain extent, artists—though I should say that as a rule this aptitude for saying the unpleasant thing is a natural gift rather than an acquired accomplishment. They sin against the social code as heinously as do the class we have already discussed; but they also sin against the moral code, and are the type of offenders which Solomon was girding at when he wrote his strictures against the sins of the tongue, and which St. James had in his mind when he delivered his tremendous condemnation of him who seemed to be religious and yet bridled not his tongue.

As a rule these people have a wonderful power of finding out a sore place or a sensitive spot, and then rubbing and galling it until it is raw. As a hazel-twig discovers hidden water, so do they, by some diabolical intuition, discover our hearts'

but," says she, "if you'll just give me a few days to think it over."

"Eh?" says Tuttle, showin' symptoms of heart failure. "Did I understand you, mum?"

The widder laughed softly. "I said," she replies, "that if you would wait a few days I might—"

inward bitterness and intermeddle with our secret joy. The first class of offenders tread upon our corns out of mere selfish carelessness; but the latter deliberately select the most tender ones and execute a *pas seul* upon them. How they jump and spring and whirl and pirouette upon the painful spot, until we could cry aloud in our agony! And they do it for no set reason or purpose, but just out of pure love of the exercise—out of sheer delight in that fiend's dance at which they are so proficient. Such persons are disagreeable enough of a truth, but they have not learned the art of being disagreeable.

*

It is the third class, and the third class only, who have really mastered this fine art, and in addition to being artists they are frequently both gentle-folk and Christians. As a rule they are kindly and courteous and urbane. They are adepts in the game of society, and have studied all its rules. They know that ways of pleasantness are the usual—as a rule the only permissible—paths open to the public in the garden of life, and that any other byways are at best only emergency exits. But they have also learned that organized disagreeableness is occasionally as necessary as physic or capital punishment, though they would as soon think of being promiscuously and gratuitously unpleasant as they would think of filling their dessert-decanter with nux vomica and quinine, or of providing a gallows as the entertainment of a garden party.

But now and again, to people who either need it as a punishment for offenses past or as a preventive against those to come, these persons are voluntarily and artistically disagreeable. They are not rude—rudeness is never allowable in any circumstances whatsoever: they do not apply friction to sore and sensitive spots—there is never an occasion when cruelty is justifiable; but according to their own gifts and accomplishments and strictly in accordance with the rules of the game they deliberately make themselves disagreeable.

There is no crude carelessness about their performance; they know exactly what is permissible and what is not, and they never venture out of bounds; but in the well-deserved snub, the justifiable repartee, the neatly veiled reproof, they are adepts and passed masters. They know when to utter the unpalatable truth, when to withhold the flattering one; they are quick to keep silent when they are expected to speak, and to speak when they are expected to keep silent.

These people never fall into the common error of trying to "score" in conversation—to "go one better" than their opponents—as do certain talkers of the baser sort, whose disagreeableness is indigenuous rather than exotic. That would be inartistic and beside the mark. They rather assume stupidity and tactlessness, and appear to be clumsy when they are really only clever.

And who are the people to whom we have the right to make ourselves disagreeable after we have acquired the art of so doing?

We must deal only with deserving cases. The fact that we happen personally to dislike anybody without a legitimate reason is no excuse whatever for the exercise of this dangerous if sometimes necessary art. We must punish only those who distinctly merit punishment; we must reprove only those who obviously need reformation. But the bumptious, the ill-tempered, the ill-bred, the spiteful, the vulgar, the blasphemous, the impertinent and the untruthful are our lawful prey. We have the right to make ourselves disagreeable to them—in fact, we have no right to make ourselves anything else. To be pleasant to such offenders condones in a measure their offensiveness.

It is our positive duty to study the art of being disagreeable in order to deal with people such as these. They are public nuisances that must be publicly attacked and publicly put down: we are sinning against the common weal as long as we leave them to continue their pernicious course unmolested. And it is only in this social way that they can be dealt with. A public education and not a private one is the sole form of instruction they can receive, because ill-tempered and offensive people are for obvious reasons always allowed to have their own way in their own homes. Therefore it is our duty as citizens to punish them publicly; and to use the privilege of mere acquaintanceship to shout upon the housetops things which the lips of friendship or kinship dare not utter in the sanctity of the home. For it must ever be borne in mind that the art of being disagreeable is a purely social art and never a domestic one.

We have no right, in any circumstances or under any provocation, to exercise it toward those who are bound to us by the tie of kinship or by a still closer tie. In this matter there is a prohibitory table of affinity which cannot be evaded nor gain-said. To say unpleasant things to parent or child, brother or sister, husband or wife, is no exercise of the fine art of being disagreeable, but is either a breach of the Fifth Commandment or else a break-age of the marriage vow.

THE ARNCLIFFE PUZZLE

CHAPTER XXI.

Mrs. Warren Is Surprised

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR BRADING fidgeted up and down the broad drive leading to Arncliffe Hall. True to his instincts, he lurked more or less among the bordering bushes. To do him justice, he acted so that he could see without being seen. That humiliating experience with Leigh had not been lost upon him.

But when he caught sight of Lester and Bradshaw coming along arm in arm there was no necessity for concealment; so he ran out and waved them a triumphant greeting. "I've got him!" he cried. "I've got him!"

"Got whom?" asked Bradshaw, as they came up. "Have you indeed tracked the fell mare of night to her nest at last?"

"Oh, you may chaff, sir," cried Brading cheerily. "Anyway, I have laid by the heels the man who knocked Mr. Aingier on the head, and I think I have got hold of the man who murdered Lord Arncliffe. He is one and the same person—Mr. Harry Warren, and if Harry Warren does not stretch a rope pretty soon you may call me an idiot!"

"But," said Bradshaw mildly, "I have called you an idiot all the time. No doubt you are right about Warren; at the same time, if you are so sure of your man, I want to know why in thunder you cast suspicion on Miss Holt?"

Brading smiled in what he thought to be a superior manner. "My dear sir," he said, with a touch of condescension, "you don't understand the methods of the force. I simply pretended to suspect Miss Holt in order to throw Warren off his guard."

"Then you always believed him to be the real culprit?"

"I never had a doubt from the first. The trouble was that I hadn't a scrap of evidence to act upon."

"Brading," said the American earnestly, "you are wasted in an effete country like this. Come with me to New-York. I'm a big man there—bigger than you'd guess—and I'll guarantee you'll be bossing police headquarters inside of six months."

"But," murmured Brading deprecatingly, "wouldn't the appointment of a foreigner like me cause a lot of jealousy?"

"Foreigner! My dear Brading, an artistic perverter of the truth like you cannot selfishly be claimed by any one country. He belongs to humanity."

The detective's inordinate vanity so often led him into the traps prepared for him by Bradshaw that he had ceased to acknowledge compliments of the sort with anything more than a sickly smile.

"Never mind, Sherlock," continued the New-Yorker, patting him on the shoulder. "I once met an easier mark than you—in Sacramento about ten years ago. Tell us how you got on."

"Splendidly, sir," answered Brading, glad of an opportunity to show himself in a favorable light. "I obtained a search-warrant and went to Leigh's cottage—accompanied, I don't mind telling you, by P. C. Fox, who is as strong as a bull, for that poacher would be a deuced nasty customer to tackle."

"Easy!" cried Bradshaw complacently. "Dead easy!" He intended presently to allow the full details of his Homeric battle with Leigh to be dragged from him.

"However, there was no need to produce the warrant," went on Brading. "There was nobody in the place excepting an old woman who might have been a hundred, and she was as dead as a door-nail."

"What I expected," interposed Lester. "I might have staved it off for a time, but when I told Leigh my opinion he thought I was working for my own ends

Romance and Mystery Resulting From
the Toxic Discoveries of George Lester

By GORDON HOLMES

Author of "A Mysterious Disappearance"

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and he wouldn't believe what I said."

"Well, gentlemen, we made a quick search. There was not much furniture in the place, yet nothing turned up at first. There was an old iron-bound box, and in it, if you'll believe me, we found a stocking with nearly a hundred pounds, some of the money dating back to George III."

"Of course," said Bradshaw, with a little cough, "P. C. Fox, as your subordinate, cannot expect to share—"

"Oh, do shut up, there's a good chap!" interrupted Lester, a little annoyed. "This is a serious matter, and considering what it means to Miss Holt—"

Bradshaw shrugged his shoulders. "If I can't infuse innocent joy into the proceedings, I'll dry up," he said. "Proceed, Vidocq."

"So," continued Brading, "eventually we moved the poor old woman and searched the bed. And there we found what we were looking for—Lord Arncliffe's private account-book, and his pass-book as well. Although the items in the private book had all been checked, they did not tally with the pass-book in dozens of cases. I should judge, speaking roughly, that there is a defalcation of at least three thousand pounds."

"But how does that incriminate Warren?" asked Bradshaw, knowing that the detective was unaware of Lester's exciting adventure.

"Wait a minute, sir. I telephoned the bank at Alnwick, and learnt that Warren had a small account there. And from the day he opened it, he has never once sent in his pass-book to be made up."

Lester, thinking abstractedly of Edith, had scarcely assimilated half the conversation, but he

asked a question: "What do you gather from that?"

"Well, sir," replied Brading, with the dignity of the man who has "arrived," as the French say, "there have been retired gentlemen in my family, though I am a little reduced, and I can't bring myself to call people 'fools' and 'idiots' and 'beasts,' like some others I could mention. But if I wanted to be rude, I should say anyone was very dense

who could not realize how Warren had robbed Lord Arncliffe and kept things going with a false pass-book."

"You've hit it, Brading," agreed the American heartily, "and I take back all I've said—I didn't mean five per cent. of it, anyway. Just listen to this," and he ran rapidly over the details of Lester's kidnapping and subsequent rescue. "Now where is Warren? Have you got him in the calaboose?"

"So far as I know, sir, he is down in the village, visiting the various public-houses. When I said I had laid him by the heels, I did not mean that I had actually arrested him. But it will come before the day is out, and nothing will be lost by a little delay. Meanwhile, Fox is shadowing him, and if he attempts to mizzle—"

"Mizzle?" said Lester.

"He means 'git'; 'vamoose'; 'absquatulate,'" explained Bradshaw. "Go ahead, sleuth."

"If he tries to escape, Fox will arrest him at once. What I want to do is to net the old woman, too, as an accessory after the fact."

"But this is simply outrageous!" exclaimed Lester. "Do you think any judge would sentence a mother for endeavoring to shield her son?"

Brading ceded the point for the moment. It would not be his fault if the Arncliffe puzzle did not attract widespread attention in its ultimate solution.

Bradshaw, by the grace of Miss Phyllis Harland, having little now save a friendly interest in Edith, had made Lester feel happy, except for the haunting fear that he had offended his divinity beyond forgiveness. Lester, like a certain great statesman, was "a child in these matters," and he had never learned the golden rule that no one should fall in love for the first time. And so, when he found himself almost in the presence of his lady—within that subtle influence—aura—call it what you will—which is so real because all men will have it to be real at one time or other in their lives—he sheltered himself behind an armor of icy reserve, after the manner of his caste. "Wait here," said Bradshaw, as they were shown into the library. "I won't be a minute."

Lester, left to himself, glanced out over the broad



"Dearest," Lester whispered, "Would You Mind Disposing of Other Bequests"

acres of Arncliffe, and the sight of the rolling meadows and noble woods brought back to him all the old question of disparity. Before, at least, she was under a cloud, and he could offer her something of protection. But now—

So he built up a harrowing picture of himself dying in an African swamp with her dear name upon his lips, and in the midst of this pleasing reverie, which lasted for perhaps ten minutes, he was interrupted by the voice of Bradshaw.

"There you are, Miss Holt. Behold him, safe and sound! Had a nasty smack on the head, but I understand the great British people have remarkably thick skulls. Good-by! I'll see you later."

Edith, lured into the room on utterly false pretenses, stood spellbound at the sight of Lester, on whose behalf she had been suffering agonies of anxiety.

Lester, taken off his guard, bowed stiffly. "How do you do?" he said.

"Oh—how do you do?" answered Edith with equal formality. She felt something of the instinct which prompts a mother to slap her child because he has just escaped being run over. She had eyed him too, surreptitiously, and was indignant to see that he looked well and strong as ever.

Lester stole a glance at her. The little red-gold head was poised haughtily, and the scarlet flower of a mouth was shut tight as a poppy at nightfall. And lo! as Miss Phyllis predicted, Dr.

Lester became abject.

"Edith," he began.

"Dr. Lester!"

"I was jealous," he said. "Oh, my dearest, forgive me! I was jealous!"

"Jealous!" exclaimed Edith, with scornful indignation. "I am not a housemaid, Dr. Lester, to walk out with this man to-day and that to-morrow. I am glad I have learned in good time the sort of estimation in which you hold me."

"In time?"

"Yes, in time. Jealous!"

"Well," said Lester miserably, "Mr. Aingier unfortunately chanced to tell me it would be an ideal way of settling the difficulty about Lord Arncliffe's money; and Bradshaw had your arm in his, and—and—you were laughing."

"Terrible crimes! I gave my arm to a man who was ill—and I was laughing! I won't detain you any longer, Dr. Lester." She moved toward the door with graceful dignity.

Lester, hopeless despair in his eyes, stepped forward mechanically to open it for her. Then by instinct he did what he ought to have done at the beginning of the interview—he took her in his arms, resist she never so strenuously, kissed the determined little mouth until it quivered into weakness and her cheeks challenged its scarlet.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Oh! Please!"

"My little girl!"

"But I don't love you any more!" emphasizing the fact by slipping a soft arm round his neck.

"Have you forgiven me, darling?"

"Perhaps I have," in a whisper.

"Then kiss me all by yourself."

Bradshaw, coughing to an extent that was entirely uncalled for, and apparently in serious difficulties with the door-handle, entered the room.

"Sorry to interrupt you," he said, looking mercilessly at Edith's rosy cheeks, "but Bradshaw is anxious to see you both in the main hall. I told you, Miss Holt, to expect developments, and although any sort of scene must be unpleasant for you, I am sure you will welcome anything which puts an end to the strain of the last few weeks. Besides that, I have a little surprise of my own for you."

"I shall indeed welcome an end to all these bewildering and outrages," was the reply. "I hope, however, that your surprise is going to be a pleasant one?"

"Pretty good, I think."

In one of the corridors they encountered Mrs. Warren, and it seemed to Bradshaw that for a fraction of a second her cheeks paled at the sight of Lester. But her step remained so firm and her voice so unbroken that he told himself he must be mistaken.

"Good-day, Dr. Lester," she said. "I am glad to see you safe and well. We were beginning to fear that you were fated to add another to the mysteries of Arncliffe." She passed on, with a jingle of her keys.

Bradshaw looked after her curiously. "Have you talked to Mrs. Warren about Lester's disappearance?" he asked Edith.

"Certainly not."

"Ah!" he said to himself, "a slip! She knows the whole business. Well, I am sorry for the poor woman."

Arncliffe Hall was so extensive that ere they had covered half their journey Edith was asking Bradshaw coaxingly what his surprise was.

"Patience is a virtue," he said, with a smile. But he broke out: "You won't have to wait. Here comes the surprise, right in front of you!"

Edith looked up, and then with a shriek of "Reggie!" flung herself into the arms of a handsome youth with a delighted abandon which made Lester's blood run cold, until the likeness helped him to realize that this was the brother of whom Edith had told him.

"You dear, bad boy! Why didn't you let me know? Did you receive my letter? Of course not—there has not been time. Why did you come?" And she asked so many questions in a breath that the newcomer had no chance to answer anyone of them.

"Cabled him to come over," explained Bradshaw tersely, when order was at length restored.

"But how did you know?" asked Edith in utter astonishment.

"Clerk in my office. He used to talk so much about the place in England where his sister lived that he riled every free-born American in the place. Said it knocked the spots out of Central Park—which it does, for a fact. Anyway, I heard him mention as a coincidence that Lord Arncliffe was originally Sir William Bradshaw, and that is really the chance that led to my coming here."

"I am so glad Reggie was in your office," said Edith. "I understood he was employed by one of those horrid trusts."

"The fact is, Miss Holt," confessed the American, "I am a 'horrid trust'—Amalgamated Lumber—that's me."

"Do you mean to tell me," exclaimed Lester, "that you are Bradshaw the millionaire? Why, I thought he was a middle-aged man."

"Well, I am middle-aged—for the States."

"And do you force other people to sell their businesses to you or else crush them?" asked Edith reproachfully.

"Sure," answered Bradshaw cheerfully. "That's part of the game. And if you'll believe me, Miss Holt, I have a list of the widows and orphans I have despoiled brought up to me every morning before breakfast. It amuses me and

keeps me from becoming a dyspeptic, like other masters of the art."

He said this so solemnly that Edith, a little lacking in the sense of humor, looked at him doubtfully. Then she saw light. "But you would not take any of Lord Arncliffe's money!" she cried triumphantly.

"Why no, I don't value any money unless I earn it. And, to tell you the truth, I have rather more than I know what to do with, anyway. If you like, I will give a free library to Arncliffe. Or," he added, "if Dr. Lester intends to practise here I might endow a cemetery."

"You are a horrid man," cried Edith with mock indignation, "and I am glad Reggie won't be under your influence any longer."

"Why," exclaimed young Holt, aghast, "you are not going to get rid of me, Mr. Bradshaw?"

"It is not that," interrupted Edith. "Of course you cannot remain a clerk under present circumstances. If you would like to go into the army—"

"The army!" cried Reggie, with an emphatic sniff, for he had imbibed much of the American spirit in a short period. "I mean to work, and I am going back to New-York just as soon as you are comfortably fixed."

And later Edith realized that her brother was right. Only in work and endeavor lay redemption of the past and salvation for the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Aingier were sitting in a windowed recess in the entrance hall listening to the seemingly artless prattle of Miss Harland, when Edith and the rest came up. Lester and Phyllis had not, of course, met. Indeed, he was unaware of her presence at the Hall, and hence he naturally regarded the dainty little beauty with some curiosity.

Phyllis also was interested in the man who had caused her bosom friend so many heartburnings. "Just as I said!" she commented to herself. "A nasty square jaw and a mouth like a rat-trap. I should like to punish him."

Phyllis had only one way of punishing a man. To Bradshaw's unutterable indignation, she left her hand in Lester's for a full ten seconds, gazing up at him the while with big trustful eyes that had in them a suspicion of naïve admiration. Men are only human, and Lester regarded this welcome as a natural tribute to his manly excellence.

Meanwhile Edith lost no detail of the pretty little scene. Perhaps the ultimate results of Miss Harland's flirtatious habits might have been disastrous but for the intervention of lucky chance. After giving Lester a full discharge from her optical battery, Phyllis averted her eyes in shy confusion, as was her usual custom, and the first person they fell upon was Bradshaw.

Good gracious! His jaw was square too, and if Lester's mouth was like a rat-trap it seemed to her terrified imagination that here was a trap equal to holding a lion. William Lincoln Bradshaw was madly in love. In days to come he would, if need be, toil year in and year out in the inferno of New-York's climate for the dollars his wife would fritter away at Paris or Monte Carlo. But he would stand no nonsense, now or then.

Thus it was that presently, when they stood a little apart from the rest, he spoke to her. No word of love had passed between them, but there was no need for explanations. "Say," he said quietly, "I won't have it!"

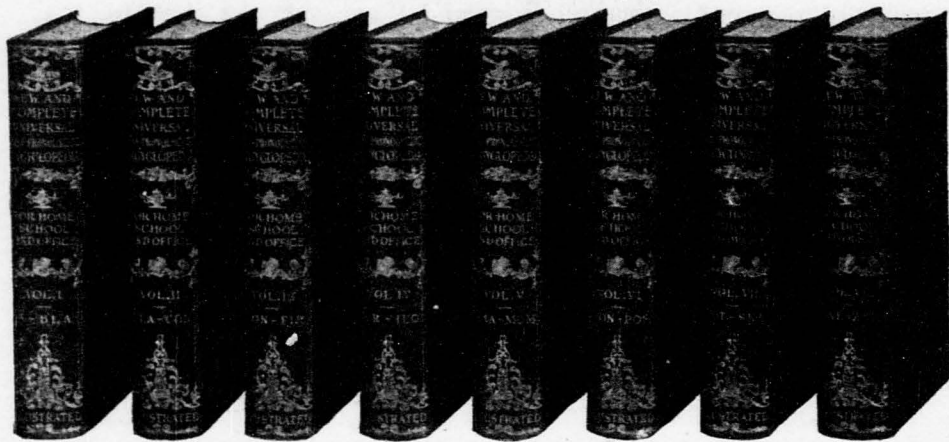
Phyllis had a tear which she had managed to keep unshed through many desperate encounters, and now she summoned it up. But the granite mouth remained unmoved. That tear had never failed Phyllis yet, and she began to feel frightened.

"I did not mean anything," she faltered, not even attempting to deny the unspoken charge. And lo! the tear fell, a pearl of price, splashing itself into diamonds which cost Bradshaw two thousand pounds in sterling money just as quickly as a jeweler could be summoned from London.

In their new-found happiness Edith

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and Lester had, like their friends, forgotten the shadow of tragedy which still draped Arncliffe Hall in somber hues.

CHAPTER XXII

The Expiation

ONE person, however, had not forgotten it. At the farther end of the spacious entrance-hall Detective Brading was watching the drive expectantly. It was no part of his plan that Warren should meet Leigh and thus learn of Lester's rescue. So he sent Wilson to find the agent, with a message that Mrs. Warren wished to see him immediately. Brading caught the sound of distant wheels, and his face brightened. Then at length a dog-cart came into view, driven in Warren's usual furious style. That was enough for the detective. He walked up to Lester and Bradshaw, drawing them aside for a moment, and then led them out on the drive.

He hailed Warren, who pulled up his steaming horse. "Oh, Mr. Warren," said the detective genially, "your mother has been asking for you everywhere. I saw her inside there a moment ago."

Warren beckoned to a gardener's boy. "Here, take the cart to the stables!" he said, striding toward the door which the detective had purposely left open.

Brading followed at his heels and, closing the door before the waiting footman could intervene, he touched his quarry smartly on the shoulder. "I want you, Warren!" he said with an ominous change in tone and manner.

Warren turned and put up his hands with the sheer instinct of self-defense. It was what Brading wanted. The young agent, scarcely yet realizing the dread truth, found himself securely handcuffed.

The two girls started apart, each clinging instinctively to the man of her heart. It was Brading's great moment, and he made the most of it.

"Harry Warren," he said in a loud, clear voice, "I arrest you for the murder of Lord Arncliffe and the attempted murder of Thomas Aingier. I warn you that anything you may say will be used in evidence against you."

For a moment Warren became blind with terror, but that and all other emotions gave place to the sense of shame at standing there manacled before women—before Edith, whom, in his way, he loved. And so he hung his head and stood silent, until a strangled sob made him look up. It came from Edith, who had caught sight of Mrs. Warren standing like a statue at the foot of the staircase.

The old housekeeper was so frightfully pale that the very sight of her brought a tightening of the heart. Warren laughed hysterically when he saw his mother, and he turned to Brading with an air of bravado.

"All right!" he said gruffly, "I confess the whole business. I poisoned Lord Arncliffe and I attacked Mr. Aingier to obtain possession of the books which showed my defalcations. Sorry, Mr. Aingier, but needs must when the Devil drives, you know. Now is that sufficient, or am I to be kept here any longer to amuse the company and torture a poor old woman?"

"Yes," broke in Lester, always generous. "This is infamous, Brading! You might very well have arrested Mr. Warren privately. In fact, I understood—"

"You will please allow me to carry out my business in my own way, Dr. Lester," said Brading sternly. "I represent the Crown now, and I will not allow you or anybody else to interfere with me in the execution of my duties."

While this unexpected altercation was taking place Mrs. Warren came forward slowly, but with the same firm step and impassive face as of yore.

"It is all over, mother," muttered Warren hurriedly. "I have confessed to the murder of Lord Arncliffe and everything else, so the less said the better."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Harry," she answered, a gleam of the wonderful mother-love coming for a fleeting instant into her calm eyes. "You were always a loving son, whatever else



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you have been. But this farce must stop before it becomes a tragedy."

"Not another word, mother!" growled Warren, almost brutally. "Don't listen to her!" he shouted in a frenzy.

"No, my boy. At the best, I could look forward to only a few more years, while you, even if they imprison you, may yet enjoy something of life. Gentlemen, I poisoned Lord Arncliffe!"

Mrs. Aingier and the two girls looked at the stately housekeeper in wondering horror, but the old solicitor, learned in the ways of the world, shook his head.

"What a miraculous thing is that maternal love which lasts from the cradle to the grave!" he whispered to Lester. "But it will not save her son, poor woman."

Brading, however, seemed to be of a different opinion. "I believe you, madam," he said. "But do you understand the consequences of such a confession?"

"Perfectly," replied Mrs. Warren quietly. "I make the statement of my own free will, and I am prepared to give proofs of all I say. There," laying a bundle of letters on the table, "are papers which will bear me out, and here is the bottle which contained the poison I administered to Lord Arncliffe, together with a description, in his lordship's own handwriting, of the nature and action of the poison."

She handed Brading a quaint old Venetian flask as she spoke. It was iridescent with age, and as the rainbow gleams caught Bradshaw's eye the American started forward.

"Why," he cried, "that was the thing I saw from the tree!"

"So it was you?" said Mrs. Warren curiously. "I rather suspected it. I ought to have killed you."

"It was a creditable shot, ma'am," he rejoined politely, "and you have nothing whatever to reproach yourself with."

Harry Warren had broken down now. He was sobbing like an overgrown child; but his grief was so obviously in his mother's behalf that none could feel anything except pity for him.

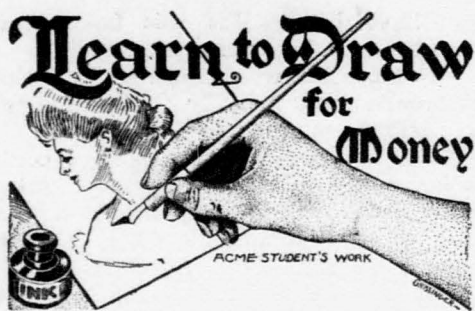
"Let us reach the end," said Mrs. Warren imperiously. "I killed Lord Arncliffe because I was afraid he would discover my son's defalcations, and I knew that from him no mercy was to be expected. Most people have known Lord Arncliffe as the famous philanthropist, the benefactor of his species. To me he was an unrelenting and inveterate enemy."

"Forty years ago, William Bradshaw and I were engaged. Then I met Harry Warren, and although Mr. Bradshaw was even then wealthy, I gave up riches for poverty and married the man I loved. I never regretted it, and my discarded lover never forgave me. When my husband died, fifteen years after our marriage, I was left destitute, with a baby three years old dependent upon me. It was then that Lord Arncliffe asked me to come and see him. As he was an invalid at the time, I thought," and she laughed bitterly, "he intended to renew his old proposal, and for my son's sake I was prepared to accept it; but I soon learnt that he merely required a housekeeper."

"I was glad. A competence was forthcoming, and I had my son at my side. And I was free to live with the undimmed memory of my dear husband! Then Lord Arncliffe began a system of petty persecution. He always treated me with the most scrupulous respect, but he never lost any opportunity of pointing out how different my position might have been. I endured it for my child's sake, and cultivated a calm indifference which has made me more like a sphinx than a living woman. His hatred was unwavering. I nearly killed him once before. My husband, God help him! was given to drink. It was his only failing, and I found Lord Arncliffe—Lord Arncliffe, the advocate of temperance!—giving wine to my boy of ten!"

"But tell me, Mrs. Warren," interposed Lester persuasively, "what was the poison you gave Lord Arncliffe?" The professional instinct was aroused.

"I found it in a secret drawer there," and she pointed to a finely carved



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Florentine cabinet at the head of the stairs. "The secret drawer had warped a little, and when I opened it I found that old bottle and some directions, written by Lord Arncliffe himself many years earlier. It said that five drops a day would kill a man in a month; ten drops a day, in a fortnight; twenty, in a week; and so on. I had a special reason for hastening the end, so I gave Lord Arncliffe five drops daily, and he died exactly in the month. I think he guessed the truth—I hope he did!"

Lester picked up Lord Arncliffe's paper. "*Aqua Tofana*," he read aloud. "Good Heavens! To think that it duped me and Mathieson! Is there any left, Mrs. Warren?" he added anxiously.

"No," was the answer, given faintly and with something of a ghastly smile. "I took all that remained an hour ago when I knew that you had escaped from Leigh and my son, and I think," she confessed with a little gasp, "I have only about five minutes of life left."

Lester looked at her sharply. "Take the ladies away at once," he whispered to Bradshaw.

Mrs. Aingier was only too anxious to quit the room, and butterfly Phyllis needed no entreating; but Edith put a tender arm round Mrs. Warren and drew her to an arm-chair.

"Oh, how could you have done it?" she whispered. "How could you? Yet I am so sorry for you, Mrs. Warren!"

"You are a good girl, Edith," said the dying woman, with a wan smile. "Don't be too hard on my boy!"

"They shall not do anything to him," promised Edith with determination. "He shall go to the Colonies and make a fresh start. I am sure he will turn out a good man in the end."

Lester, oblivious to all other considerations, was listening to Mrs. Warren's heart with his stethoscope and endeavoring to slap some life into her icy hands, while she, conscious of the futility of resistance, submitted passively.

"Brandy and hot-water bottles, quick!" he cried to Edith, with full faith in her powers of self-control. "And you had better have a bed prepared with hot blankets."

Mrs. Warren lifted a weak, restraining hand. "Please do not torture me any more, Dr. Lester!" she pleaded. "You must see that it is only a matter of minutes. If you want to do me a real kindness let me speak my last words to my son."

Lester, indeed, knew that she was not mistaken; so he walked over to Brading. "Take those off!" he said curtly, pointing to the handcuffs.

Brading hesitated a moment, but even his calloused heart was touched, and he slipped the fetters from Warren's wrists.

"You are on your honor," he whispered, and the unfortunate young man, even in the agony of the moment, was grateful for the words as well as for the action.

Warren laid his head on his mother's lap as might a frightened child, and she tried to caress it with a palsied hand.

"Be a good boy in future, dear. Always be a good boy, whatever happens!" she whispered faintly.

"I will. But mother! Oh, mother!"

"Always a good boy!"

And so he sobbed his protests and promises, until presently Lester led the poor headstrong victim of heredity and of calculated vengeance gently away; for Mrs. Warren had gone where God would judge between her and Lord Arncliffe.

Next morning, when Brading was about to convey Harry Warren to the jail at Alnwick, Edith called a general council.

"Now I want you all to help me," she began, with true feminine directness. "What is to be done about Harry Warren? He must not be punished any more."

"I am afraid it cannot be avoided, Miss Holt," said Brading. "Regarding the murder of Lord Arncliffe, he will have to stand his trial as an accessory after the fact. I don't think, in view of Mrs. Warren's statement and the papers she left, the police will charge him with anything more, and, in a case of mother and

son, he will get off with next to nothing. Of course, there are the three other charges—the robbing of Lord Arncliffe, and the attacks upon Mr. Aingier and Dr. Lester. However, if those are dropped I do not suppose the public prosecutor will take them up."

"Well, Dr. Lester is not going to take any proceedings, and I am sure Mr. Aingier will not."

"Why, my dear," said the old lawyer mildly, "the young rascal hit me a very severe blow on the head, and the place is exceedingly tender; still, if you wish it—"

"I am sure," interrupted Mrs. Aingier tearfully. "I do not want to be vindictive or unchristian, but my dear husband might have been killed, and I really feel that Warren deserves some little punishment. Fifteen or twenty years' penal servitude—"

"I think, Mrs. Aingier," interposed Edith with a slight accession of the marquis manner, "you owe me some reparation for the manner in which you behaved toward me. Certainly no one who disoblige me now in this matter can again become or remain my friend."

"Oh, very well," sighed the lawyer's wife; "but don't blame me if we are all murdered in our beds."

"Very well, miss," said Brading. "You need not have any further anxiety in the matter. What is wanted is a little influence, and considering what an old friend Mr. Aingier is of the treasury solicitor, I do not think influence will be lacking."

Aingier, thus attacked, had to admit that he was not without power in certain quarters.

And it may here be said that Harry Warren was acquitted, there being no direct evidence that he was aware of his mother's crime. Edith's liberality gave him every chance of making a fresh start in the world. When he bade Lester, ever kindly and generous, good-by at Liverpool, he unquestionably quitted Britain with the intention of living a clean, honest life in the future.

Respecting Lord Arncliffe's legacy of ten thousand pounds for the discovery of his murderer, Brading pointed out that from the first he had suspected Mrs. Warren to be the guilty party, and he arrested her son only to force a confession from her lips; but Edith, having discretionary powers, awarded half the money to him and half to Wilson and May Mannering on their marriage; for, after all, it was with the rescue of Lester that the real dénouement came. Further, Edith was convinced that the fortunate accident of May Mannering's seeing something unusual in Warren's dog-cart alone saved Lester from all sorts of horrible fates.

*

Twilight was just falling over the wide expanse of the park as Edith and Lester sat on the balcony at Arncliffe. It was, of course, a secluded part of the balcony, and therefore their conversation mainly consisted of the "soft nothings" which mean so much. From the garden came occasional peals of merry laughter. Phyllis and Bradshaw were an altogether more lively pair of lovers than their friends.

"Dear Phyllis!" murmured Edith. "She is a warm-hearted little darling, but I really think she has secured the only man in the world who could manage her. I wanted to ask you something, George. Would you mind if I settled a large sum of money on Phyllis? Lord Arncliffe's fortune is so great that we can well spare it."

"My dear one, it is your own money; but I think your idea is creditable to your bright little head. Bradshaw cannot very well veto a proposal of that sort, and he is certainly entitled to some share of his uncle's money."

"You are a darling!" said Edith. And, as Lester put it, she "kissed him all by herself."

"Dearest," he whispered, "would you mind disposing of a number of other bequests instantly, and submit them for my approval on the same terms?"

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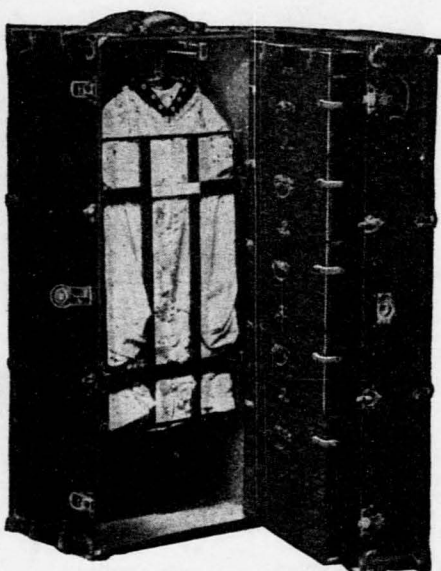
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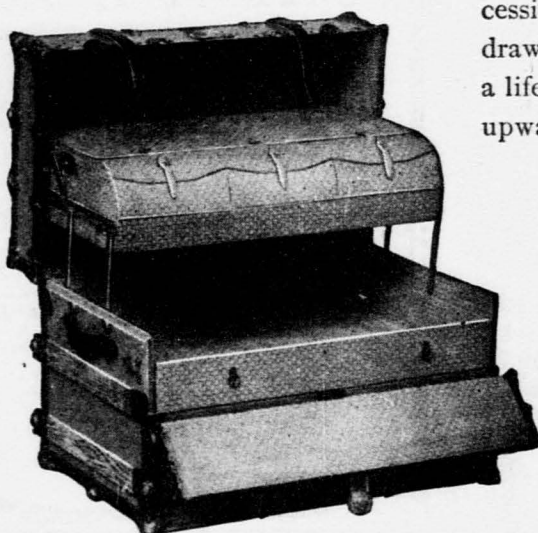
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THE ONLY WOMAN JESTER

By Penn Steele

WOMEN are often accused of having little sense of humor. Certain it is that history makes record of only one woman who ever filled the position of Court Jester, less honorably styled "royal fool." This woman was known only as Jane. Her paternal name, her paternity, her place of birth, are all alike forgotten. Her very jests are buried in her tomb—wherever that may be. Dr. Doran in his "History of Court Fools" ignores her. Yet Doran might have learned something about her had he studied Sir Frederick Madden's published transcript of the expenses of the Princess Mary, afterward Queen Mary ("Bloody Mary") of England.

Miss Strickland, who went to this authority, informs us that "several items are charged for necessities provided for Jane the Fool, a functionary who is first named in the autumn accounts of 1537. Jane the Fool was sometimes exalted on horseback, as her mistress paid for the food of a horse kept for her use. Payments for shoes and stockings, linen, damask gowns, and charges for shaving 'Jane Fool's head' frequently occur in the diary of expenses."

Further light on the subject of this mysterious jester is thrown by a recent writer in "The Athenæum." He has found staccato references to Jane in the accounts of Sir Edward Waldegrave, Keeper of the Great Wardrobe to Queen Mary. Thus the story of her garments furnishes the sole trace to this the only daughter of Eve who ever took up the trade of jester.

The first item in Waldegrave's accounts wherein her name appears is that of April 27, 1537, the year of Queen Mary's accession to the English throne:

Item, for thre yerdes of black satten geun to Mr. Herte, being Jane our Foole's Valentyne, all of our Great Guardrobe.

The man alluded to as Jane's valentine was probably one of the sons of Sir Percival Hart, who are recorded as then performing before the Queen at court in a device of their own. This fact seems to suggest that Jane mingled with the other courtiers on a somewhat equal footing. The valentine custom at that time was to place ballots containing the names of young people of both sexes into proper receptacles, from which everyone drew his or her valentine. Each youth or maid therefore had two partners; but it was the male choice that governed unless otherwise agreed to by the parties concerned. In any event the maid received a present from the youth who had drawn her name, and gave a present to the youth whose name she had drawn.

It is not at all unlikely that the Princess Mary, who, despite the unpleasant nickname which she subsequently earned, was naturally of a kind and charitable heart, extended her protection to Jane when she was left as a young girl under some peculiar need of help, and afterward appointed her to the office of Court Jester. With her modest nature, the Queen would naturally prefer that her decorous household should be amused by a humorist of her own sex rather than by such robust jesters as awakened roars of laughter at her father's court.

The very fact that none of Jane's witticisms have descended to us makes it more than probable that her sayings were neither broad nor brilliant and that she was rather one who warmed and illumined life by a genial humor than one who flashed upon it startling coruscations of wit.

Truly Loyal

By Nixon Waterman

A book agent in Milwaukee, Who had traveled long and far, Said: "Can't I sell you Shakespeare?" To the man behind the bar. And the "bar-keep" answered: "Neffter! For I know aretty yet Dot our Pabst's beer und our Schlitz's beer Beadts your Shake's beer, you can bet!"

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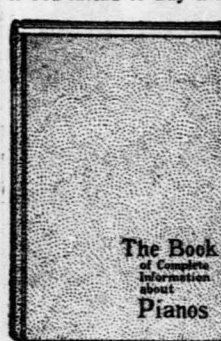
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RAINY-DAY DIVERSIONS

A Parlor Trick

By CAROLYN WELLS

"I'm glad we're having such a long storm," said Lucy, looking contentedly out of the window at the pouring rain; "it gives us so many days to have fun with Uncle Bob. What's the game today, uncle?"

"Well, you children seem to think my supply of tricks is inexhaustible. However, I guess I can provide you with a few more."

"Give us something different, won't you?" asked Fred. "I mean not cards or dominoes or mental calculations, but something altogether new."

"Why, Fred," said Lucy, "you can't do a trick without something to do it with."

"I know of a good parlor trick," said Uncle Bob thoughtfully. "It's a first-rate one, but you'll have to hunt around for some things to do it with."

"What sort of things?" asked Lucy eagerly.

"Oh, nothing difficult to procure. First you must get three empty boxes with covers."

"How's this?" said Fred, dumping out a few last bits of candy and holding up the empty box.

"That's all right for one," returned Uncle Bob.

The checker box and the "parcheesi" box were quickly emptied, and thus three were provided.

"Now mark them A, B and C," went on Uncle Bob, and the letters were penciled on the boxes.

"Now get three little things that are red, white and blue, one of each."

"Why, here are baby's kindergarten balls," said Lucy. "Will they do?"

"The very thing. Just take the red, white and blue ones. Leave the others out. Now we need only twenty-four counters of some sort. Have you any handy?"

"Oh yes, here are the lotto counters."

"They're all right. Or twenty-four checkers would have done as well. Now we'll begin. Set your three boxes in a row on the table—A, B and C. Now, while I close my eyes and turn my back to you, put one ball in each box and close the boxes."

The children put the blue ball in box A, the red ball in box B, and the white ball in box C.

"Very well," said Uncle Bob, still keeping his back turned. "Now, in the box with the red ball place one counter, in the box with the white ball place two counters, and in the box with the blue ball place three counters."

This order was carefully executed.

"Next," went on the instructor, still not turning around, "listen carefully and make no mistake. In box A put as many counters as are there already, in box B put twice as many counters as are there already, and in box C put

four times as many counters as are there already."

Lucy and Fred did exactly as they were told.

"Are the boxes tightly closed?" asked Uncle Bob.

On being told they were, he opened his eyes, turned around and walked to the table.

"The blue ball is in box A," he said, "the red ball is in box B, and the white ball is in box C."

"Well!" exclaimed Lucy, "it's worth getting boxes and balls together to learn such a trick as that! Please do it again."

Again and again they tried it, putting the balls in different boxes each time.

Every time the directions as to the counters were the same. Every time, when they had finished obeying the directions, Uncle Bob came back to the table, gazed at the tightly covered boxes and announced which ball was in each.

"I believe you see them through the pasteboard!" said Fred.

"No, my eyes aren't X-rays," returned his uncle. "But I'll tell you how to do it—only I warn you the explanation is more complicated than the trick. It all depends on this formula, which you may have with you on a bit of paper and can look at while you are turned away from the table or may commit to memory. The trick is much more effective if you can manage it without looking at your paper. This is the formula:

	Red	White
1.....	A	B
2.....	B	A
3.....	A	C
5.....	B	C
6.....	C	A
7.....	C	B

"This is the explanation of the formula: The key of the solution is the number of counters remaining on the table after the designated ones have been placed in the boxes.

"You see, I always opened my eyes and turned back to the table before I announced which boxes contained the balls. Of course I could not see into the closed boxes, but I gathered my information from the counters on the table left out of the twenty-four. There will always be left either one, two, three, five, six or seven. By means of the formula we know that if one counter is left on the table, the red ball is in A and the white in B; if two counters are left, the red ball is in B and the white in A; if three are left, the red is in A and the white in C; and so on. The blue ball is not considered in the formula, because, having learned the position of the red and white balls, the blue one is of course in the other box. The formula is not difficult to learn, and a little practice will make you adept at the game."

VALUE OF TIME AND MONEY

Continued from page 8

it to hang heavily and turn sour on your hands. A minute so cashed and in the bank is worth two hours in the hand. Why don't you jump out on the walk and dance yourself into a job?"

The man out of employment began to think that perhaps the advice which was being given him so freely on all sides was more or less sound and worthy of being followed. So he faced the winds that scurried up and down the thoroughfares, and walked and walked, and determined that while he had much superfluous flesh to lose, there was no such thing to lose as superfluous hope.

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that Fortune had rewarded him with her sweetest smile. He had found a good solid position, and he pitched in and worked with the vim that wins. In several moons he had a balance in the bank, which he increased from time to time, until he finally began to feel that riches were spreading their wings and flying toward him. Yet after awhile he began to grow morose and discontented. He would pick up his paper as of yore, and with leaden countenance say:

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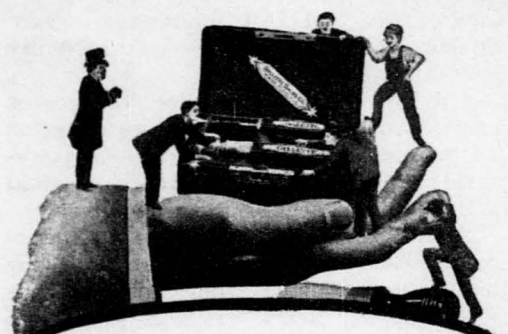
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away from eight in the morning until ten at night. I have the money to buy a box, but I have not the time to go and occupy it. The matter of the money is not worthy of consideration; the time is the thing, and that is out of my reach. While I have, to put it vulgarly, money to burn, my time seems to be absolutely fire-proof."

The friend to whom he felt like making such a confession would wring his hands in speechless despair, as if confronted by a proposition that was unanswerable.

And the man with the finely gilded outlook would continue, as he turned over another page of the paper:

"Here is the same concern which not long ago offered the complete works of Thackeray for twelve dollars cash looking for people who will buy the set for the same price on the instalment plan. Think of it! here I have the money to buy them, but not the time to read them. Here they are offering those books on time to people who actually have not the time to enjoy them. Alas! but it is a most unusual paradox. Here, while I have the money necessary to buy diamonds, I have not the time to indulge in a much needed and long-overdue hair-cut."

"See here," his friend would reply, "you should be thankful for the things you have, and also for the things you have not. Be thankful that you have enough to eat, and be doubly thankful that you have not a goiter that would make it necessary for you to carry your head around in a sling and make you a target for uncharitable urchins on the street."

"Look here," would the prosperous man reply as he consulted another page. "Here is the advertisement of the same Tropic tour which so took my fancy a few months ago. But how can I go when I have not the time? I cannot go with money alone. Money is only half the battle. Money without time, or time without money, no matter which extreme you may choose, is, so to speak, a game of mustard without corned beef. This daily battle of putting down the six and carrying the eight is the combination that will keep me from drifting over the coral reefs, and harpooning the beryl monkey on the coconut palm. We are told that there is a time for everything; but I don't believe there is a time for a man to enjoy himself when he has the money with which to buy the fun."

"So good-by to the Tropics; good-by to the lipping symphony of the moonlit sea; good-by to the lilies and the roses and the bee-haunted billows of wind-tossed perfume. I who have the money but not the time say good-by to you, for the only way I can manage to reach your pleasant strand and dream among the dazzling splendors of a first-class earthly paradise is to resign my position, and that I cannot do, less peradventure I later on run short of the money without which a century of time is not worth its weight in knot-holes."

The moral of this fable teaches us that time is of no use without money, and that money is of no use without time, and that if we have not both to spend simultaneously, we might as well have neither, inasmuch as time is not money when we are out of work, and money is not time when we are being worked to death.

Where Science Errs

By Roy Farrell Greene

The almanacs, I'm certain, say The month of June holds longest day In every year; but I dispute The almanacs, and quite refute Their statements, since I well recall That summer, winter, spring and fall Have brought this day than all more long To me. The almanacs are wrong! In all the year the longest day Is that on which you go away.

It is December, so they say, That each year holds the shortest day; But my experience makes it plain The almanacs are wrong again; For I have found that summers hold As oft for me as winters cold This day that seems but briefest spark 'Tween misty morn and dewy dark— Each time that you're away I learn The shortest day's when you return!

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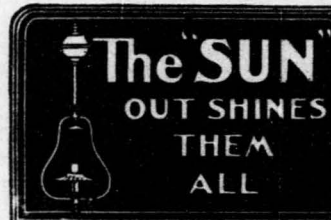
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WIDOW'S MIGHT

Continued from page 10

gruesome gibbet, but you can't make me do it!" He was screechin' like a steam callyope with a sore throat. He bent low and shook his fist in the face of the astonished Squire. "No," he squealed, "you can't make me do it!" "Can't make ye do what, you jibberin' idjit?" roars the Squire, starin' at him like an accusin' conscience.

"You can't make me take the widder's cow," shrieks Tuttle, throwin' the writ on the floor and stampin' on it. "Any cow," says he, "as gives milk that makes as good custard-pies as that critter does is exempt from execution so long as I'm constable of Saloom Township, and don't you forget that, you musty old law-book!"

"Eh?" says the Squire, removin' his feet from the desk and settin' bolt upright. "Did you remark something about custard-pies, Mr. Tut-Tut-Tuttle?"

"The widder's pies!" gurgles Tuttle, smackin' his lips in delicious recollection. "Say, the feller what invented pies can't never know what a boon he conferred upon hungry humanity unless he partakes of the widder's creations. Say," says he, rollin' his tongue around in his mouth in vain search for one last, lingerin' taste, "say, when I eats the piece the widder sets in front of me, honest, I can't help thinkin' what a shame it would be to deprive that poor lone woman of the joy of cookin' custard-pie."

"Um, yes," remarks the Squire, risin' slowly to his feet and reachin' for his hat. "Pies, did you say? Um, yes, custard-pies. Guess I'd better serve that attat-tat-tachment myself, Mr. Tut-Tuttle."

While yet a block from the widder's humble abode the Squire snuffed the air, suspicious. "Pies," chuckles he, "custard-pies! Now if there is anything I love—"

The widder spied him when he turned in at the gate and met him at the door. "Good-mornin', Squire," says she, effusive. "How delighted I am that you called at this opportune moment, for I have just baked sev'ral nice custard-pies and I want you to sample 'em. Now do come in."

"Really," begins the Squire, follerin' most willingly to the dinin'-room, his nostrils dilated, his eyes snappin' in joyful anticipation, "really I—"

"Please don't expostulate," begs the widder, takin' his hat and settin' him a chair. "Hungry men is hungry men, and pies is pies."

"Um, yes," grins the Squire, squarin' himself at the table and grabbin' a knife in eager readiness. "I allers did enjoy your—your cookin', Mis' Carleton."

The widder blushed. "I do pride myself on my custard-pies," she replies, placin' a generous slice before him; "but then I couldn't have such splendid success if I didn't have a cow that gives such excellent milk."

The Squire moved uneasily in his chair. The widder noticed his hesitation. "Now don't be bashful," she continues, smilin' encouragin'. "Pitch right in. Law me, I'm glad to have my friends at table when I have such a cow in the barn."

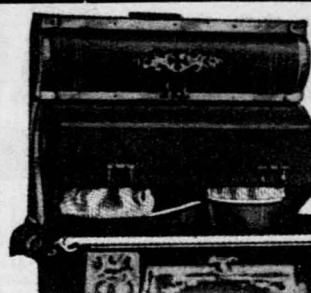
The Squire devoured the pie in silent but evident relish and rose soberly.

"Ah, Mis' Carleton," he stammers, bowin' low and restin' his hand on the pocket containin' the legal document, which, curious enough, was over his heart, "this may not be the time or the occasion to mention a mat-matter of this kind, but really, I come to say that I have an attat-tat-tachment for you—"

"Dear me," cries the widder, droppin' her eyes and claspin' her hands together under her chin, "dear me, Squire, I never dreamed I was any more to you than a friend; but," she raised her eyes shyly, "I have long felt a most kindly regard—"

The Squire's face turned scarlet. "Mum," he interrupts, moppin' his forehead with his handkerchief, "mum, there seems to be a mistake, a sad mistake. My attat-tat-tachment, mum, askin' your pardon, is for your—your cow."

"What?" cries the widder, starin' in



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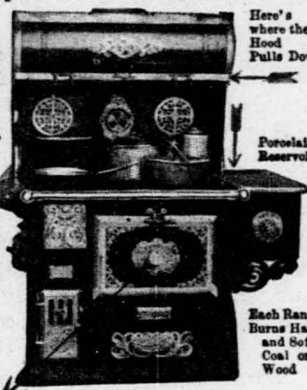
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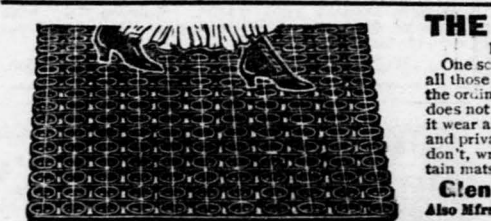
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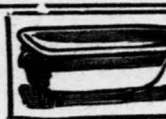


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amazement. "Do I understand you, Squire, to say that you—you love my cow?"

I didn't think the Squire was genius enough to invent such an expression as he put on, but after a minute his temperature got down to about normal and he smiled feebly at the widder.

"Mum," says he, perspirin' embarrassments promiscuous, "mum, your pie has awakened the most curious feelin' in my heart. It was so sudden that it kinder bewildered me. But, mum," says he, gainin' courage with every breath, "after a moment of sober thought, I can see that no cow can make a pie. No, mum, it's the cook—"

A half-hour later Constable Tuttle, unannounced, stuck his head in at the door and saw the widder and the Squire sittin' suspiciously close together on the horse-hair sofa.

"Hey," he yells, "Jeff Young's down to the office and wants to know what you're goin' to do about that cow!"

The Squire pulled the writ from his pocket. "Take this back to the infernal old pirate," he bellers, "and slap him in the face with it! Tell him I told you to."

Takin' the paper, the constable backed out the door. But in the road he paused.

"By ginger," says he, lookin' back at the house, "by ginger, I wonder—" He took off his hat and scratched his head, then he glanced at the writ. "Wonder would he think so blamed much of the widder if it wasn't for them custard-pies?"

For several moments he meditatively combed his beard with his fingers. "Cussed old reprobate!" says he finally. "Thinks he can cut me out, eh? By ginger," he turned and shook his fist at the house, "I'll show him!"

So come dusk, there was the Squire dozin' at his desk, when in came the widder wavin' a paper in her hand and actin' somewhat excited.

"Look here, you—you—" she cries, her voice trembly with vexation and tears. "Some one took my cow and tacked this up in the stall, and—and—" she shook the paper in the Squire's face, "it has your name signed to it too!"

"Eh?" cries the Squire, scramblin' to his feet and starin' at her in breathless interest. "You say some one has taken your cow? Mr. Tut-Tut-Tuttle!"

The constable rose slowly from a chair by the window, his face split open with a grin.

"Did you," roars the Squire, frownin' murder, "did you ste-steal this lady's cow?"

Tuttle's ire burst into a ragin' conflagration. "No I didn't ste-steal it," he mocked. "I took it by due process of law."

"How dare you—" the Squire begins; but Tuttle interrupts.

"Don't you dare me!" he cries, jumpin' up and down and snarlin' like a bear.

"You gave me that writ yourself, you oily-tongued old hypocrite, and you told me if I didn't serve it you'd send me to jail."

The Squire struggled with a sudden attack of appleplex. "But, Mr. Tut-Tuttle," he stammers, "I didn't think you'd carry a joke so far."

"Oh," says the widder, smilin' through her tears, "oh," she says sweetly, "it's just a joke—an innercent little joke? Well," she paused in the door, her hand on the knob, her eyes twinklin', "there's another pie over home, and the one who returns my cow—" She laughed softly and the door closed behind her.

"Now, Mr. Tut-Tuttle," says the Squire, when the widder had gone—"now, Mr. Tut-Tuttle, as the presidin' judge of this here court, I command you to bring the aforesaid cow before me forthwith and imme-me-mejit!"

"Huh!" yells Tuttle, actin' disorderly—"huh!" he yells, "don't you reckon I like custard-pie? Say, don't ye?"

"Must I resort—" begins the Squire, reachin' forth his two arms in a manner to arouse suspicion.

Tuttle dodged.

Well, it was only a little while after that until Squire Dale and Constable Tuttle stood in the astonished presence



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of the widder's cow. The Squire had hold of the rope.

"Now," says he, startin' up the street, "you wait here till I come back." For the fraction of a minute Tuttle surveyed the procession in humble silence, then he gave a sudden spring, bounded into the air and lit square on the cow's back, yellin' like a Sioux massacre and diggin' his heels into the animal's flanks to beat the band.

With a wild beller the cow leaped forward, jerkin' the rope from the Squire's hand, and the next instant the liveliest kind of a movin'-picture was doin' a stunt in the public highway of Saloom Center.

"Thunder and blazes!" cries the Squire, grabbin' at nothin' in particular and catchin' the animal's tail in both hands. "Doggone ye!"

Down the street went the cloud of dust, the cow bellerin' like a menagerie in a thunder-storm, the constable clingin' to her horns for dear life, the Squire hangin' to her tail like a cockle-bur, his coat-tails wavin' farewell to all he passed. Goodness knows the Squire tried to speak! but he couldn't say nothin' but just "Tut-Tut-Tut." As for Tuttle, his eyes was weepin' profanity and his lips was whisperin' "Now I lay me—"

Strong men gazed one solemn moment, then kissed their wives good-by; women gathered their weepin' children in their arms and run for the cellars; Doc Gray's hoss gave a snort of wonder and clumb a tree to get a better view; Mis' Hacket's dog, that hadn't walked for a month, ran a mile so blamed fast its rheumatiz couldn't catch it; old Bill Bixby, the village toper, hasn't drunk a drop since.

Bang! Cow, constable and Squire tried to pass through the widder's narrer gate at one and the same time. "Ugh!" grunts the Squire, rollin' in the dust, the constable astride his neck.

"Confound ye!" sputters Tuttle, raisin' painful on one elbow, "can't ye steer a cow any better than that, you worm-eaten old rudder?"

"You old anarchist!" bawls the Squire, gettin' upon his knees at last. "What ye tryin' to do—break my back?"

"I'm just about to beat your face into an omelet and eat it," hisses Tuttle, spittin' out about a quart of dust.

"Why don't ye?" yells the Squire, shakin' his fist at the constable and turnin' purple. "Why don't ye ter-ter-try it?"

"Ruther have pie!" snaps Tuttle, climbin' onto his feet and limpin' towards the house. The Squire struggled after him.

Together they stumbled up the steps; together they pounded on the door. There came a murmur of voices from within. A moment of silence follered, then the widder opened the door.

Like two old fools the officers of the law stood, starin' dumb into the room, too near frozen with astonishment to utter a word. There at the table, devourin' the last mouthful of the widder's pies, was Jeff Young, the cause of all their trouble.

"Why, good-evenin', Squire," remarks the late prosecutor of the widder. "We're glad you called, ain't we, Mis' Carle—Molly?"

The widder blushed.

"The truth is," he continues, takin' Mis' Carleton's havilin' hand in his, "Molly and me have decided to get married. In fact, I've got the license in my pocket. And now, Squire, if you will just perform the ceremony—"

OH, MR. DOOLEY!

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By E. A. Brininstool

We talk of teaching kindness, yet 'tis plain enough that we Are often negligent in this regard, as you can see. What act more cruel than to dig the eyes out of potatoes Or break the squash's neck or coolly slice up the tomatoes? 'Tis grievous to think of pulling off the ears of corn, And one of sympathetic heart indignantly has sworn That only he who bears the stamp of an unfeeling felon Would have the nerve to knife a peach or plug a watermelon. We spill the blood of beets without the slightest hesitation. And cut the hearts out of the trees without deliberation. We chop the heads of cabbages; we pull the beards of rye; We squeeze the lemon, thresh the wheat, and brutally we try To peel the onion, crush the fruit and strip bananas, then We jam the currants, and we show our heartless nature when We mash the turnips, whip the cream and grind the coffee-berry. And, shocking as it may appear, we always stone the cherry. We pound the meat, we chop the wood and very seldom fail To lick the necessary stamp when we despatch the mail. We strike the match, we switch the car, we strap the trunk—ah, me! We mortals lack in kindness, as you certainly can see. We very often cane the chairs and execute a deed; We beat the egg; we punch the bag; and then forthwith proceed To crack the ice and grind the wheat and strike an attitude. Indeed we mortals show ourselves as often brusk and rude; So of our charitable acts let's not speak boastingly— We mortals lack in kindness, as you certainly can see.

S I R N I G E L

Continued from page 6

happy since. There is not a hind in my employ who will enter his stall. Ill fare the day that ever I took the beast from the Castle stud at Guildford, where they could do nothing with it and no rider could be found bold enough to mount it! When the sacrist here took it for a fifty-shilling debt he made his own bargain and must abide by it. He comes no more to the Crooksbury farm."

"And he stays no more here," said the Abbot. "Brother sacrist, you have raised the Devil, and it is for you to lay it again."

"That I will most readily," cried the sacrist. "The pittance-master can stop the fifty shillings from my very own weekly dole, and so the Abbey be none the poorer. In the meantime here is Wat with his arbalist and a bolt in his girdle. Let him drive it to the head through this cursed creature, for his hide and his hoofs are of more value than his wicked self."

A hard brown old woodman who had been shooting vermin in the Abbey groves stepped forward with a grin of pleasure. After a lifetime of stoats and foxes, this was indeed a noble quarry which was to fall before him. Fitting a bolt on the nut of his taut crossbow, he had raised it to his shoulder and leveled it at the fierce, proud, disheveled head which tossed in savage freedom at the other side of the wall. His finger was crooked on the spring, when a blow from a whip struck the bow upward and the bolt flew harmless over the Abbey orchard, while the woodman shrank abashed from Nigel Loring's angry eyes.

"Keep your bolts for your weasels!" said he. "Would you take life from a creature whose only fault is that its spirit is so high that it has met none yet who dare control it? You would slay such a horse as a king might be proud to mount, and all because a country franklin, or a monk, or a monk's varlet, has not the wit nor the hands to master him?"

The sacrist turned swiftly on the Squire. "The Abbey owes you an offering for this day's work, however rude your words may be," said he. "If you think so much of the horse, you may desire to own it. If I am to pay for it, then with the holy Abbot's permission it is in my gift and I bestow it freely upon you."

The Abbot plucked at his subordinate's sleeve. "Bethink you, brother sacrist," he whispered, "shall we not have this man's blood upon our heads?"

"His pride is as stubborn as the horse's, holy father," the sacrist answered, his gaunt face breaking into a malicious smile. "Man or beast, one will break

the other and the world be the better for it. If you forbid me—"

"Nay, brother, you have bought the horse, and you may have the bestowal of it."

"Then I give it—hide and hoofs, tail and temper—to Nigel Loring, and may it be as sweet and as gentle to him as he hath been to the Abbot of Waverley!"

The sacrist spoke aloud amid the tittering of the monks, for the man concerned was out of earshot. At the first words which had shown him the turn which affairs had taken he had run swiftly to the spot where he had left his pony. From its mouth he removed the bit and the stout bridle which held it. Then leaving the creature to nibble the grass by the wayside he sped back whence he came.

"I take your gift, monk," said he, "though I know well why it is that you give it. Yet I thank you, for there are two things upon earth for which I have ever yearned, and which my thin purse could never buy. The one is a noble horse, such a horse as my father's son should have betwixt his thighs, and here is the one of all others which I would have chosen, since some small deed is to be done in the winning of him, and some honorable advancement to be gained. How is the horse called?"

"Its name," said the franklin, "is Pommers. I warn you, young sir, that none may ride him, for many have tried, and the luckiest is he who has only a staved rib to show for it."

"I thank you for your rede," said Nigel, "and now I see that this is indeed a horse which I would journey far to meet. I am your man, Pommers, and you are my horse, and this night you shall own it or I will never need horse again. My spirit against thine, and God hold thy spirit high, Pommers, so that the greater be the adventure, and the more hope of honor gained!"

Whilst he spoke the young Squire had climbed on to the top of the wall and

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stood there balanced, the very image of grace and spirit and gallantry. his bridle hanging from one hand and his whip grasped in the other. With a fierce snort, the horse made for him instantly, and his white teeth flashed as he snapped; but again a heavy blow from the loaded whip caused him to swerve, and even at the instant of the swerve, measuring the distance with steady eyes, and bending his supple body for the spring, Nigel bounded into the air and fell with his legs astride the broad back of the yellow horse. For a minute, with neither saddle nor stirrups to help him, and the beast ramping and rearing like a mad thing beneath him, he was hard pressed to hold his own. His legs were like two bands of steel welded on to the swelling arches of the great horse's ribs, and his left hand was buried deep in the tawny mane.

Never had the dull round of the lives of the gentle brethren of Waverley been broken by so fiery a scene. Springing to right and swooping to left, now with its tangled wicked head betwixt its fore feet, and now pawing eight feet high in the air, with scarlet, furious nostrils and maddened eyes, the yellow horse was a thing of terror and of beauty. But the lithe figure on his back, bending like a reed in the wind to every movement, firm below, pliant above, with calm inexorable face, and eyes which danced and gleamed with the joy of contest, still held its masterful place for all that the fiery heart and the iron muscles of the great beast could do.

Once a long drone of dismay rose from the monks, as rearing higher and higher yet a last mad effort sent the creature toppling over backward upon its rider. But, swift and cool, he had writhed from under it ere it fell, spurned it with his foot as it rolled upon the earth, and then seizing its mane as it rose swung himself lightly on to its back once more. Even the grim sacrist could not but join the cheer, as Pommers, amazed to find the rider still upon his back, plunged and curved down the field.

But the wild horse only swelled into a greater fury. In the sullen gloom of its untamed heart there rose the furious resolve to dash the life from this clinging rider, even if it meant destruction to beast and man. With red, blazing eyes it looked round for death. On three sides the five-virgate field was bounded by a high wall, broken only at one spot by a heavy four-foot wooden gate. But on the fourth side was a low gray building, one of the granges of the Abbey, presenting a long flank unbroken by door or window. The horse stretched itself into a gallop, and headed straight for that craggy thirty-foot wall. He would break in red ruin at the base of it if he could but dash forever the life of this man, who claimed mastery over that which had never found its master yet.

The great haunches gathered under it, the eager hoofs drummed the grass, as faster and still more fast the frantic horse bore himself and his rider toward the wall. Would Nigel spring off? To do so would be to bend his will to that of the beast beneath him. There was a better way than that. Cool, quick and decided, the man swiftly passed both whip and bridle into the left hand which still held the mane. Then with the right he slipped his short mantle from his shoulders, and lying forward along the creature's strenuous, rippling back he cast the flapping cloth over the horse's eyes.

The result was but too successful, for it nearly brought about the downfall of the rider. When those red eyes straining for death were suddenly shrouded in unexpected darkness the amazed horse propped on its fore feet and came to so dead a stop that Nigel was shot forward on to its neck and hardly held himself by his hair-entwined hand. Ere he had slid back into position the moment of danger had passed, for the horse, its purpose all blurred in its mind by this strange thing which had befallen, wheeled round once more, trembling in every fiber, and tossing its petulant head until at last the mantle had been slipped from

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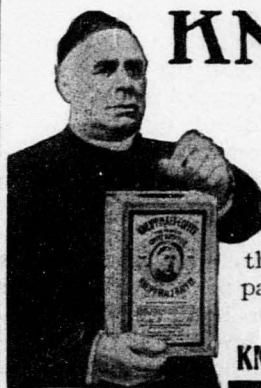
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its eyes and the chilling darkness had melted into the homely circle of sunlit grass once more.

But what was this new outrage which had been inflicted upon it? What was this defiling bar of iron which was locked hard against its mouth? What were these straps which galled the tossing neck, this band which spanned its chest? In those instants of stillness ere the mantle had been plucked away Nigel had laid forward, had slipped the snaffle between the champing teeth, and had deftly secured it.

Blind, frantic fury surged in the yellow horse's heart once more at this new degradation, this badge of serfdom and infamy. His spirit rose high and menacing at the touch. He loathed this place, these people, all and everything which threatened his freedom. He would have done with them forever; he would see them no more! Let him away to the uttermost parts of the earth, to the great plains where freedom is! Anywhere over the far horizon where he could get away from the defiling bit and the insufferable mastery of man!

He turned with a rush, and one magnificent deer-like bound carried him over the four-foot gate. Nigel's hat had flown off, and his yellow curls streamed behind him as he rose and fell in the leap. They were in the water-meadow now, and the rippling stream twenty feet wide gleamed in front of them running down to the main current of the Wey. The yellow horse gathered his haunches under him and flew over like an arrow. He took off from behind a boulder and cleared a furze-bush on the farther side. Two stones still mark the leap from hoof-mark to hoof-mark, and they are eleven good paces apart. Under the hanging branch of the great oak-tree on the farther side (that *Quercus Telfordiens* is still shown as the bound of the Abbey's immediate precincts) the great horse passed. He had hoped to sweep off his rider, but Nigel sank low on the heaving back with his face buried in the flying mane. The rough bough rasped him rudely, but never shook his spirit nor his grip. Rearing, plunging and struggling, Pommers broke through the sapling grove and was out on the broad stretch of Hankley Down.

And now came such a ride as still lingers in the gossip of the lowly country folk and forms the rude jingle of that old Surrey ballad, now nearly forgotten, save for the refrain:

The Doe that sped on Hinde Head,
The Kestrel on the winde,
And Nigel on the Yellow Horse
Can leave the world behinde.

Before them lay a rolling ocean of dark heather, knee-deep, swelling in billow on billow up to the clear-cut hill before them. Above stretched one unbroken arch of peaceful blue, with a sun which was sinking down toward the Hampshire hills. Through the deep heather, down the gullies, over the watercourses, up the broken slopes, Pommers flew, his great heart bursting with rage, and every fiber quivering at the indignities which he had endured.

And still, do what he would, the man clung fast to his heaving sides and to his flying mane, silent, motionless, inexorable, letting him do what he would, but fixed as Fate upon his purpose. Over Hankley Down, through Thursley Marsh, with the reeds up to his mud-splashed withers, onward up the long slope of the Headland of the Hinds, down by the Nutcombe Gorge, slipping, blundering, bounding, but never slackening his fearful speed, on went the great yellow horse. The villagers of Shottermill heard the wild clatter of hoofs, but ere they could swing the ox-hide curtains of their cottage doors horse and rider were lost amid the high bracken of the Haslemere Valley. On he went, and on, tossing the miles behind his flying hoofs. No marsh-land could clog him, no hill could hold him back. Up the slope of Linchmere and the long ascent of Fern-

hurst he thundered as on the level, and it was not until he had flown down the incline of Henley Hill, and the gray castle tower of Midhurst rose over the coppice in front, that at last the eager outstretched neck sank a little on the breast, and the breath came quick and fast. Look where he would in woodland and on down, his straining eyes could catch no sign of those plains of freedom which he sought.

And yet another outrage! It was bad that this creature should still cling so tight upon his back, but now he would even go to the intolerable length of checking him and guiding him on the way that he would have him go. There was a sharp pluck at his mouth, and his head was turned north once more. As well go that way as another; but the man was mad indeed if he thought that such a horse as Pommers was at the end of his spirit or his strength. He would soon show him that he was unconquered, if it strained his sinews or broke his heart to do so. Back then he flew up the long, long ascent. Would he ever get to the end of it? Yet he would not own that he could go no farther while the man still kept his grip. He was white with foam and caked with mud. His eyes were gorged with blood, his mouth open and gasping, his nostrils expanded, his coat stark and reeking. On he flew down the long Sunday Hill until he reached the deep Kingsley Marsh at the bottom. No, it was too much! Flesh and blood could go no farther. As he struggled out from the reedy slime with the heavy black mud still clinging to his fetlocks, he at last eased down with sobbing breath and slowed the tumultuous gallop to a canter.

Oh, crowning infamy! Was there no limit to these degradations? He was no longer even to choose his own pace. Since he had chosen to gallop so far at his own will he must now gallop farther still at the will of another. A spur struck home on either flank. A stinging whip-lash fell across his shoulder. He bounded his own height in the air at the pain and the shame of it. Then, forgetting his weary limbs, forgetting his panting, reeking sides, forgetting everything save this intolerable insult and the burning spirit within, he plunged off once more upon his furious gallop. He was out on the heather slopes again and heading for Weydown Common. On he flew and on. But again his brain failed him and again his limbs trembled beneath him, and yet again he strove to ease his pace, only to be driven onward by the cruel spur and the falling lash. He was blind and giddy with fatigue.

He saw no longer where he placed his feet, he cared no longer whither he went, but his one mad longing was to get away from this dreadful thing, this torture which clung to him and would not let him go. Through Thursley village he passed, his eyes straining in his agony, his heart bursting within him, and he had won his way to the crest of Thursley Down, still stung forward by stab and blow, when his spirit weakened, his giant strength ebbed out of him, and with one deep sob of agony the yellow horse sank among the heather. So sudden was the fall that Nigel flew forward over his shoulder, and beast and man lay prostrate and gasping whilst the last red rim of the sun sank behind Butser and the first stars gleamed in a violet sky.

The young Squire was the first to recover, and kneeling by the panting, overwrought horse he passed his hand gently over the tangled mane and down the foam-flecked face. The red eye rolled up at him; but it was wonder not hatred, a prayer and not a threat, which he could read in it. As he stroked the reeking muzzle, the horse whinnied gently and thrust his nose into the hollow of his hand. It was enough. It was the end of the contest, the acceptance of new conditions by a chivalrous foe from a chivalrous victor.

"You are my horse, Pommers," Nigel

Reduce Your Fat.

Rengo Fruit Rapidly Reduces Excess Fat Without the Aid of Tiresome Exercises or Starvation Diet.

COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.

Rengo Fruit is a product of South America and it has been recently discovered to possess some very remarkable properties which will reduce excess fat and build up the strength and health for anyone who eats it regularly for a



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If you suffer from excess fat send your name and address to-day for a trial package of Rengo Fruit mailed free in plain wrapper. Address Rengo Co., 327 Main St., Augusta, Mich.

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For rheumatism that horrible plague. I discovered a harmless remedy, and in order that every suffering reader may learn about it I will gladly mail him a box free. This wonderful remedy which I discovered by a fortunate chance, has cured many cases of 30 and 40 years standing, among them persons of upwards 80 years of age. No matter what your form of rheumatism is, this remedy cures. Do not mind if other remedies have failed to cure you, nor mind if doctors say you are incurable. Mind no one, but write me at once, and by return mail you will receive the box, also the most elaborately illustrated book ever gotten up on the subject of rheumatism absolutely free. It will tell you all about your case. You get this remedy and wonderful book at the same time, both free, so let me hear from you at once.

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Free Catarrh Cure

No More Bad Breath



"My New Discovery Quickly Cures Catarrh."—C. E. Gauss

Catarrh is not only dangerous in this way, but it causes bad breath, ulceration, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and reaches to general debility, idiocy and insanity. It needs attention at once. Cure it with Gauss' Catarrh Cure. It is a quick, radical, permanent cure, because it rids the system of the poison germs that cause catarrh.

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Irvine K. Mott, M. D., of Cincinnati, Ohio, well and favorably known for a number of years in that city as a specialist for the treatment of kidney disorders, will be pleased to correspond with persons suffering from Bright's Disease, Diabetes or any kidney trouble whatever either in the first, intermediate or last stages.

Dr. Mott says, "my method arrests the disease even though it has destroyed most of the kidneys, and preserves intact that portion not yet destroyed. The medicine I use neutralizes the poison that forms a toxin that destroys the cells in the tubes of the kidneys."

Dr. Mott will give his expert opinion free to those who will send him a description of their symptoms. Correspondence for this purpose should be addressed to Irvine K. Mott, M. D., 301 Mitchell Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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This is a STEM WIND American movement watch, has SOLID GOLD LAID CASE, engraved on BOTH SIDES, correct in size, fully warranted timekeeper, appears equal to Solid Gold Watch GUARANTEED 25 YEARS. We give it FREE for selling 20 pieces of hand-made 14m. Gold Jewelry at 10c each. Send address and we will send jewelry postpaid. When sold send \$2.00 and we will positively send you the watch; also GOLD LAID CHAIN, Ladies' or Gentle's Size. Write today. RAND MFG. CO. DEPT. 903 CHICAGO

NEURALGIA or Headache. It's your fault if you suffer. Every druggist will tell you that Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills will stop pain immediately, or he will return money. Contains no harmful drugs. 25 doses, 25 cents.

whispered, and he laid his cheek against the craning head. "I know you, Pommers, and you know me, and with the help of Saint Paul we shall teach some other folk to know us both. Now let us walk together as far as this moorland pond, for indeed I wot not whether it is you, or I who need the water most."

And so it was that some belated monks of Waverley passing homeward from the outer farms saw a strange sight which they carried on with them so that it reached that very night the ears both of sacrist and of Abbot. For, as they passed through Tilford they had seen horse and man walking side by side and head by head up the manor-house lane. And when they had raised their lanterns on the pair it was none other than the young Squire himself who was leading home, as a shepherd leads a lamb, the fearsome yellow horse of Crooksbury.

To be continued next Sunday

NEXT Sunday's instalment of "Sir Nigel" is as dramatic as the chapters just given. It reveals much of the intimate home life of the hero and his grandmother, the stern Dame Ermyntude, "daughter, wife and mother of warriors." They are spending the evening at their fireside, discussing the capture of Pommers and laying plans for the young Squire's future, when a most astounding interruption occurs, that apparently is to force a crisis in the relations between Nigel and the grasping monks of Waverley Abbey.

THE SOPHISTICATED MAIDEN

By Carolyn Wells

A YOUNG man and a maiden were betrothed.

"Dearest one," said the young man, "I love thee. So great is my devotion that if another should but cast loving glances at thee a fearsome thing would happen."

"What might it be?" quoth the maiden.

"Even that I would kill him. Dost believe me?"

"Nay," quoth the maiden.

"Nay? But I protest to thee, I vow, I swear, that if another were to make love to thee, his life should pay forfeit! By yonder moon, I swear! Dost believe me now?"

"Nay," quoth the maiden.

"Now, what meanest thou? Why believest thou not that I would kill the dastard villain?"

"Because," quoth the maiden, "thou wouldst not know aught about it."

ENGLISH STREET-SIGNS IN JAPAN

ENGLISH as it is written in Japan is most conspicuously amusing in the shop-signs that adorn the streets of the larger cities. Sometimes they are sufficiently intelligible amid all their drollery. Anybody, for example, could guess what is meant by these orthographic and lexicographic monstrosities:

"Shoes-Shop Manufaktaery;" "Wine, Beer and Other Medicines;" "Spiritual Liquors;" "Tobacco Nist;" "Photogropist;" "Dealer in Coke and Cole for Both Ship and Land;" "Several Woolen Cloths and Tailor Shop;" "Washins and Ironins;" "Carver and Gilder for Sail;" "Ladies Outfitter;" "The Best Perfuming Waters Anti-Fleas;" and even "Great-est Loafer in Nagasaki."

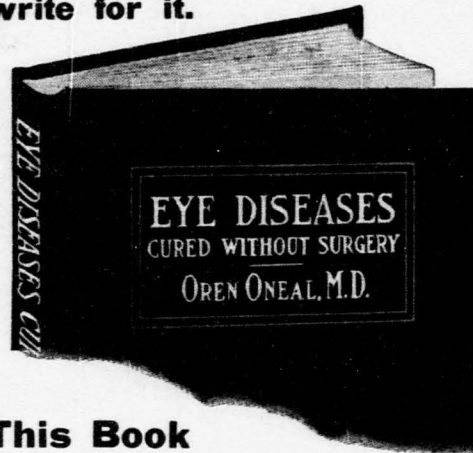
But one has to hesitate for a second or so before "French Infections" resolves itself into "French Confections," and "Berber" into "Barber," and "The Improved Milk" into milk sterilized and put into bottles.

Still more cryptic are "The Ribbons, the Laces, the Veils, the Feelings" (query, veilings or rufflings?); "World Name (world-famous) Wine," and "Cheminary English in Night."

In fact, the last standing in and for itself would be inscrutable. Only from the environment can one catch the intention of the literary resident behind the sign, viz.: to announce to the public that he keeps a night-school for instruction in the English language.

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I want to place a copy in the hands of every afflicted person who is interested enough to write for it.



This Book

is cloth bound—gotten up in the highest style of the printers' art—not a pamphlet nor circular.

It contains 125 illustrations.

Gives descriptions and symptoms of various eye diseases.

Tells many interesting things learned during my twenty-six years of practice as an eye specialist.

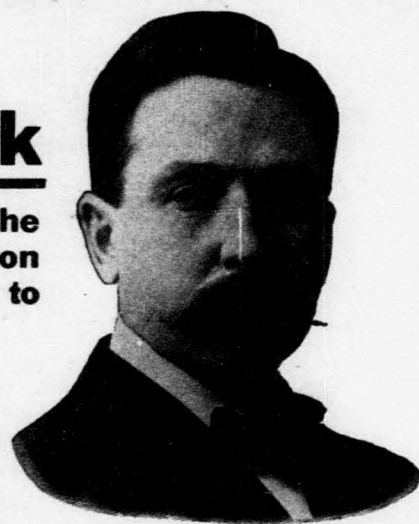
Contains valuable advice about the care of the eyes—from infancy to old age—and how to make the eyes strong, healthy and beautiful.

Has valuable advice about diet, bath, exercise, and tells what effect wrong living has on the eyes.

Tells how I have been able to save thousands from total blindness, treating them in their own homes at small expense.

The book contains one hundred letters from people who have been cured, with pictures of the writers.

DR. OREN ONEAL, Suite 948, 52 Dearborn St., Chicago



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It is undoubtedly the finest eye book ever published for free distribution.

No matter who you are, or what your station in life, you will appreciate this book.

It will make a valuable addition to any library, and is of inestimable value to those who have eye troubles.

If your eyes only need some simple treatment and advice, you will find it in the book.

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Simply write me a description of your own case, or that of any member of your family who may have eye troubles. I will send you a copy of my book and give you my best advice free of expense.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Have a Straight Nose!

Pug, Turned up, Crooked and One-sided noses reformed by the **Albers Nose Shaper** (Pat. pending). Be good looking and have your children grow up to be handsome men and women. Used sleeping or in idle hours. Fits any nose. If for child, state age. Plain wrapper, by mail \$1. THE ALBERS CO., Box 3332, Boston, Mass.



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I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you. Write to-day. Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 41 Watertown, N. Y.

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If you are suffering from any form of spinal trouble you can be relieved in your own home without pain or discomfort. A wonderful anatomical appliance has been invented by a man who cured himself of Spinal Curvature. Its results are marvelous. It is nature's own method. The scientific and medical world is amazed at the work being effected. Noted physicians in prominent medical institutions and in private practice are endorsing it. The Sheldon Method relieves the pressure at the affected parts of the spine, the whole spine is invigorated and strengthened, all soreness is taken out of the back, the cartilage between the vertebrae is made to expand, the contracted muscles are relaxed and the spine is straightened. There is bright hope for you, no matter how long you have suffered. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union. The appliances are being sent all over the world. Each one is made to order from individual measurements and fits perfectly. There is positively no inconvenience in wearing. We guarantee satisfaction, or refund your money at the end of thirty days' trial. Write for our new book giving full information and references.



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This is an **IMPORTED, Brass-Mounted German Stereopticon**, showing large and handsome Colored Pictures.

With it we give 50 colored pictures, many very funny, including 2 moving-picture slides. The lantern is over a foot tall and nearly a foot through. We know that it will delight you. Send us your name and address for only 24 packages of **BLUINE** to sell at 10 cents each. Everyone will buy because every housewife should use **BLUINE** on washday. Return our \$2.40 received from the sale and we will send you the lantern and outfit at once. Address

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335 Mill St. Dept. 1.
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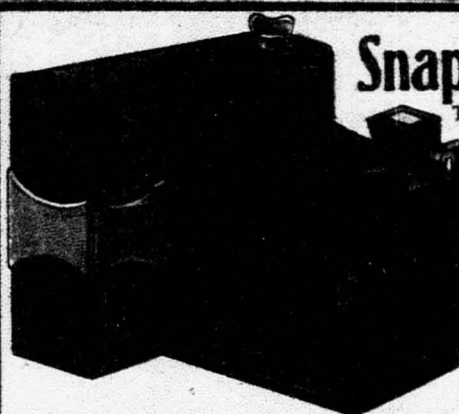


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GET THIS BIG OUTFIT
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We give this powerful
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Handsome Snap Shot Camera, nearly five inches wide, 3 1/4 inches deep and 4 1/4 inches from lens to film. Body covered with black leatherette. All metal parts oxidized black and polished brass. Famous Bausch & Lomb lenses. Use Eastman or Ansco films. Anyone can take good pictures with this camera. You can earn money with it all the year round. Send your name and address for only 24 packages of **BLUINE** to sell for us at 10 cents a package. Every housewife uses **BLUINE**. Return our \$2.40 received from the sale and we will send you the camera without the slightest delay and prepaid. Write to-day. Address

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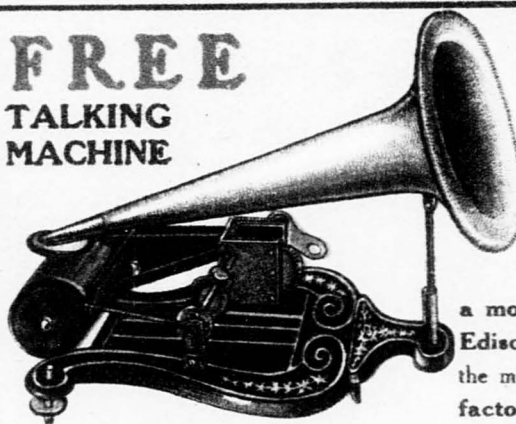


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BOYS this is not a toy nor an air rifle but a genuine **HAMILTON TAKEDOWN HUNTING RIFLE**. It shoots both long and short 22 calibre cartridges and will kill at 100 yards. It has fine blue-black gun finish, black walnut stock, steel barrel with rifled brass inner tube, steel frame, peep sights, lever action, automatic shell extractor. This is the very latest model and perfect in every way. We give it free for selling only 30 packages of **BLUINE** at 10 cents a package. Send us your name and address. We trust you. Return our \$3.00 after the sale of our **BLUINE** and we send the rifle at once.

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give it as we do for selling only 40 packages of **BLUINE** at 10 cents a package and returning our money. Send us your name and address. We trust you. Write to-day. As an extra premium we send one record free with the talking machine. Address

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Big Beauty SLEEPING DOLL FREE!

GIRLS

Send us your name and address for only 24 packages of **BLUINE** to sell for us at 10 cents a package. Your mamma and everybody's mamma can all use **BLUINE** on wash day; it is the best washing blue made. We trust you with the **BLUINE**. You can sell it quickly. Then return our \$2.40 and we will send you at once, without the slightest delay, the great, big, beautiful doll and the nice embroidery outfit described below. Write to-day.

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This big, beautiful sleeping doll is nearly one-half yard tall and as graceful and pretty as any doll you ever saw. She has bright eyes, curly hair that shines like gold, a beautiful complexion and a sweetly pretty mouth with open lips and pearly teeth. She is made of bisque and you can move her head, arms, and legs. Her eyes close when she lies down. She wears a very large picture hat. Her handsome sateen bodice is trimmed with delicate lace and insertion, and her stylish sateen skirt is also trimmed with dainty lace. She has a white underskirt and underwear trimmed with lace, removable long stockings and pretty kid slippers. Remember we send this beautiful, dressed, sleeping bisque doll absolutely free to you, all charges paid by us.

EXTRA PREMIUM With the doll we give as an extra present the **CHILD'S DELIGHT EMBROIDERY OUTFIT**. This is a splendid thing for any little girl to have. It consists of 6 different Stamped Doilies, 12 Embroidery Skeins in assorted colors, and three needles for working the doilies. You will like this very much. We give both presents and send them together.

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**BLUINE MFG. CO., 335 Mill Street,
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We give also the Splendid Embroidery Outfit with which you will be delighted.

FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING FREE



Guaranteed American Watch with gold-laid case beautifully engraved and works warranted by the manufacturers, who will repair any breaks for one year. Perfect time-keeper. Hour, minute and second hands; Arabic dial; very thin. Given **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, and with it comes a handsome gold band ring which will wear for years. Simply send us your name and address for only 24 packages of **BLUINE** to sell at 10 cents a package. Every one will buy of you. Return our \$2.40 from the sale and we will at once send you the Gold Watch and Ring. We have given away over 2,500,000 premiums.

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Handsome FUR SCARF FREE!

This warm, dressy and popular fur scarf is nearly four feet long and is made of black Baltic Seal with six heavy black tabs. It fastens with an ornamental neck chain and is an elegant and satisfactory garment—and one for which you would have to pay a great deal of money at the furrier's. We know that you will be delighted with this fur. It is extremely handsome and is made in the most popular style ever designed. We had an immense quantity of these furs made to our order last summer at a price which could not be duplicated. And thus we are able to give them away for so little work.

Ladies, send us your name and address for only 25 packages of **BLUINE** to sell at 10 cents each. Return our \$2.50 when you have sold the **BLUINE** and we will send you this handsome fur scarf without delay, absolutely free, all charges prepaid. Write to-day.

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335 MILL STREET, DEPT. 6. (The Old Reliable Firm.)**



SUNDAY MAGAZINE

OF *The Sunday Star* PART 3
24 PAGES

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